DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

The Silver Key is Lost.

BY "ADELAIDE."

One gate of pearl that opened to the soul
Of our dear child, is shut;
The key is lost, she cannot even hear
The anguished cry I put
To the kind Father, that his dear hand may
Open the door that shuts all sound away.

She only watches me, and tries to frame
The few sweet words of speech
She learned before the silent angel came,
As one might blindly reach
For silver coins, that glint and slide away—
The last bright coin of speech from day to day.

The temple that God made is very still,
Our child can hear no sound;
She does not brighten at our evening hymn;
No half shut rose is found
To open in her cheek a sudden start
When words are read that should touch any heart.

I do not know this secret of the Lord,
The anguish is too new;
I have not learned to say "God's will be done,"
And yet it must be true
That He, in loving mercy, shut the door
Of sound to that young soul for evermore.

Forever must I say: My little child,
Come lean upon my knee,
And trust me till I learn through mother love,
How tender God must be.
I have not said as yet: "His will be done."
Teach me unquestioning faith, my little one,

To try the wards from which God's master hand
Hath taken the true key,
And when thine eyes are lifted to mine own
It almost seems to me
That thou canst read my face and catch my tone,
That soul can speak to soul; and then, mine own,

The bitterness is gone that kept my soul
From trusting God in this,
The sorrow of my life, O, sweet dumb child,
It may be I would miss
The strange sweet tenderness that came to me
When I first learned how still thy life would be.

It lies like dew on the deep hearted rose,
And if I kept always
The dewy tenderness, maybe at last,
My quivering lips can say
That it was best for others I should feel
This anguish pierce my soul like the sharp steel.

A Series of Interesting Letters.

WYTHEVILLE, VIRGINIA.
Monday, Dec 26, 1881.

DEAR MR. HODSON:—I wish you a joyful Christmas and a Happy New Year.

My object in coming here last Saturday was to spend my Christmas quietly among these mountains, and my warm friends gave me an old Virginia welcome, and told me that they would always be glad to have me visit them whether I officiated or not.

Last Friday, I bade good bye to my faithful friends, Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlayne, and stopped over at Lynchburg for the night, which city is well-known throughout this beloved land as a great tobacco market, and a number of such factories. I will tell you why Lynchburg is so called.

A man named William Lynch emigrated from Ireland to Richmond to live, but he could not find the place to suit him, so he walked up the James River till he reached the place where Lynchburg now stands. There he made a settlement and called it Lynch's warehouse, which was afterwards named Lynchburg in honor of the first settler. The settlers were law-breakers and had their own way. Lynch awed them by whipping them for bad behaviour and hanging them for murder. He called himself a judge, which position he held many years when Lynchburg became an incorporated place. He termed it lynch law. Lynchburg stands on seven hills like Rome, Italy.

Some years ago, a deaf and dumb man was baptised there and I interpreted the service to him. He breathed out his life beyond the Alleghany mountains last fall.

During the war, another deaf and dumb man was murdered for money, and five dollars in C. S. currency were found on his body. The money was only ten cents in U. S. currency. He often waded to the middle of the James River and played on his fiddle for fun to the amusement of the bystanders. Not far from Lynchburg lived a deaf mute poetess and artist, whose name I will not reveal on account of delicacy.

She wrote several poems for publication which I have read with my own eyes. She had a remarkable talent for drawing, and painted in oil with the skill of the best artist. During the war, while she was in Baltimore, Md., she filled a coffin with percussion caps for the Southern government and told the officers that it contained the body of her dead brother, and that she wanted to take it to Virginia for interment, but they doubted what she said, so they opened the lid and found nothing but percussion caps, which caused her arrest and imprisonment in Fort McHenry, which she suffered till the end of the war when she was set at liberty and sent home. During her confinement, she was kindly treated by the officers and was allowed the liberty of going about the fort whenever she pleased. She often drew pictures to kill time, and some of the officers sat for their pictures which they declared good. I first met her in Staunton, Va., in 1840, since which year I have not seen her again, though I have often heard about her through newspapers.

There is a deaf and dumb photographer in Lynchberg. He knows something about the art. He retouches very well. He was once my *private* pupil when a boy. He has a sister deaf and dumb.

There are several other mutes in that place.

Tuesday forenoon, I read the regular service with the rector of St Stephen's church which was decorated for Christmas.

After service I went two miles to the form of Ex. U. S. Senator Withers to dinner by invitation, and he gave a grand turkey dinner to a select party. He was the chief marshall at the Yorktown Centennial. He is a warm friend of the deaf and dumb.

I have called on a deaf-mute lady who formerly attended school at Staunton, Va., while the late Rev. Jos. D. Tyler was Principal. Her father was once one of the visitors of the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institution.

One of my old pupils resides here and is a carpenter by trade. He has a family and does jobs which enables him to support them. He is respected here for his honesty and industry.

I leave for a distant Southern city to night and it will take me about two days to go.

I am staying with one of the leading citizens, whose cousin is a deaf mute lady of amiable disposition, and whose niece died a pupil of the North Carolina Institution, at Raleigh.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA,
FRIDAY, December 30, 1881.

DEAR MR. HODGSON:—You may be surprised to learn of my whereabouts I came here not only to get a look at the Cotton Exposition, but also to see some prominent gentlemen about my work for a day or two.

You cannot have an adequate idea how glad I am to have been present at the Exposition, because I think it more interesting in variety than the Centennial, at Philadelphia. Some of those who saw the Centennial say so.

You may remember that the Centennial was well helped by the U. S. Government, but the citizens of this city started this Exposition with their own money without asking a red cent from the Federal authorities at Washington, and even any of the Southern State governments.

I am informed that great crowds have been pouring into the grand Exposition from all parts of this beloved land ever since it opened on the first of October last. It closes to morrow to the joy of the exhibitors, who say they are tired and want to return to their respective homes. Some of them were busy packing their goods.

I had the pleasure of meeting several deaf-mutes at the show.

Last night I called on Miss Dearing, a young deaf-mute lady, of Athens, Ga., and her mother at one of the leading hotels here. There I met another deaf-mute lady named Miss Groom, a mail clerk and bookkeeper in the office of the *Sunny South*, a weekly paper, worth taking on account of its being so spicy. She did honor, I venture to say, to the Georgia Institution where she was educated. The well educated deaf-mute would do well to subscribe for the paper as it is well edited.

Last night I took tea with Dr Love, a fine looking gentleman with an ever smiling countenance and long white hair, walking erect like an Indian. He can make signs pretty well. How could he learn the signs? He says he had in his family a deaf-mute governess for thirty-one years to take care of his children who loved her very much. She expired on the 21st of Feburary last. Her name was Miss Carrender. She always attended the service of the Southern Missionary every time he stopped here. Some three weeks before her death, he visited her, talking to her on the uncertainty of life and prayed at her bedside. Then she said it was all well. He bade her good bye for the last time. She is, no doubt, in a place of felicity. We must all follow her to the grave when it pleases God to summon us away.

It may be right to say an incident about the diseased. She died bequeathing me a file of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL for 1880, which I will have bound to remember her by.

Dr. Love is a brother-in-law of Dr. Johnson, Principal of the Alabama Institution at Talladega, whom I expect to visit in a very short time. I need not say that his wife and children all use our signs well just as if they were deaf-mutes.

I must not omit something, because I know the Rev. W. W. Turner will be glad to know it.

On my way from the Exposition to this fast growing city, I met on the train a pleasant gentleman named David Sloan, of Norcross, Ga., whose gestures surprised me. He told me he had three brothers and one sister who were deaf and dumb, and that two of the brothers died at Hartford from the effects of cholera and the other in Texas. He again gave me to understand that his sister was taught at home by a Mr. Woodward, who was very talented, but very dissipated as he said. She is still living at home in Norcross.

I have had the pleasure of meeting in this city the following deaf-mutes: Miss Dearing, of Athens, Ga., Miss Groom, of this city, two brothers named Walker, of Athens, Tenn., W. A. West, of Alpharretta, Ga., and Willie T. Brown, of this city, at the hotel of whose father I have been sojourning.

I go out of town this afternoon. In great haste

P. S. Mr. Johnson has shown me an item in the JOURNAL saying the that the deaf-mutes of Reading, Pa., desired to have a sermon from me. I am very sensible to the kind compliment they have given me. It will be impossible for me to comply with their request till my return from the South next summer. I know Rev. Mr. Syle will have no objection to it.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA.
MONDAY, Jan. 2, 1882.

DEAR MR. HODGSON:—Last Friday evening I left the Gate City of the South, Atlanta, Ga., highly pleased with my visit to the Grand Exposition, and got here the next afternoon after a delightful moonlight ride over one of the finest railroads in the country, its length being about three hundred miles.

I changed cars at Greensboro, N. C. a fast growing city, instead of proceeding to Richmond, Va., about three hundred miles further as I had fully intended.

Leaving that place, we passed through Durham, a fine town, which is noted for the manufacture of Blackwell's smoking tobacco, which is generally called the best in the United States. I intend visiting his very large manufactory before long.

We next wheeled through Hillsboro, N. C., where lie buried the remains of the late Gov.-Graham, Secretary of the Navy under the late President Fillimore, through whose instrumentality the deaf, dumb and blind institution was established here, and Mr. William D. Corke elected principal. I did not pass there without thinking of a very nice old lady who took her little deaf and dumb nephew to Staunton, Va., in the slow coach over a week. He was afterward placed under my tuition under which he remained six years. He is now one of the teachers in the institution; has married a deaf-mute, and got two children. I mean Mr. Thomas H. Tillinghast.

Our attention was next caught by the small old frame house, where Gen. Johnson surrendered to Gen. Sherman.

Principal Gudger gave me a warm welcome to this institution, and told me that it was always open to me while he was at its head. He is a kind hearted gentleman.

His predecessor, Mr. Nichols, is now Postmaster of Raleigh, he having been appointed by the late President Garfield just before his death. He was principal of this institution for six years.

I was informed by the principal that about forty of the pupils have gone home to spend the holidays with their friends. They will be back today and to-morrow, as their school reopens on Wednesday next.

Yesterday afternoon, I received a call from a young deaf-mute gentleman, Mr. Albert J. Andrews, once an inmate of the New York Institution. He inquired about his deaf-mute friends in New York City and other places. He looks intelligent. He talks of turning stock raiser if a good opening presents itself to him.

As soon as we awoke yesterday morning, we were all surprised to see it snowing heavily, because it was a pleasant day last Saturday.

Mr. David Tillinghast has been troubled by the illness of his children from diphtheria, and I think they are getting better of it, if I don't mistake.

Miss Turlington is a semi-mute, but passes for a speaking lady from her spelling with accuracy. She is one of these teachers.

One of the deaf-mute girls has four brothers and two sisters *all deaf and dumb*. Their parents *also are in this condition*.

Principal Gudger has charge of both the Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb, and the Blind, and that for Colored blind and deaf-mute persons. The latter institution is a little over one mile distant, and the Principal has to go there in the buggy as often as his duty requires him. He is the man to do it.

One of the teachers in the Blind department and his wife, *both blind*, has a beautiful daughter who enjoys *all her faculties* in perfection.

How this institution went into operation must not be left buried in oblivion.

To Mr. William D. Cooke may be justly due the credit of getting this institution established, but through the influence of the late Dr. Harvey P. Peet, principal of the New York Institution, the Legislature passed a bill for its establishment.

Mr. Cooke and a deaf-mute boy visited several towns in this State to excite an interest among the people in the intellectual and spirit welfare of the blind and deaf mute children of their own state.

To Mr. Cooke, belongs the credit of publishing the first institution newspaper, called the *Casket*, in this beloved land. I cannot call to mind where the second was published. Who can say?

Mr. Cooke has retired to private life on account of his health, and is residing with his married daughter in Staunton, Va. His wife is still living with him.

Mrs. Taylor, Matron of the Institution probably since its opening, has resigned her place to take charge of her motherless grandchildren for her son, who is so much away from home. His wife died some time since. She occupied her place with the dignity of a true Christian. Her successor is Miss Wilson, a fine young lady, whose physiology indicates firmness and kindness. It seems to me that no better choice could have been made.

Principal Gudger has engaged the services of two articulation teachers, as I am informed. He seems to have firm faith in the ultimate success of the system in which he is, I venture to say, quite enthusiastic. Every body is entitled to an opinion.

Time commands me to stop writing this pen scrawl, so I must say good morning. I leave town this afternoon, but I shall be back in two or three weeks on my way south for the winter.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, Tuesday Jan. 3, '82.

DEAR MR. HODGSON: This letter leaves me well quartered in this city for the night. I returned here this forenoon from Atlanta, Ga., via Raleigh, N. C., and leave for Alexandria in the morning.

I will give you some notes about Atlanta, which are worth knowing. The close of the grand exposition took place last Saturday in the presence of Gov. Colquitt, a preacher. During our trip to the South, Dr. Galaudet and I paid our respects to him and he received us very well.

Gov. Brown, now United States Senator, invited the pupils of the Georgia Institution to visit the fair free of charge. He gave them a special car to ride in to and from that place.

I am sorry not to have met Messrs. Fisher, Johnson and Hoge, there. They had returned home when I reached the city.

The city was so full of strangers, that I found some difficulty in finding accommodations. I was trying hard to get a home when four deaf-mutes while walking recognized me and kindly got a good home for me gratis.

The spot on which the Kimball House, the best in the city, is located and worth at least $150,000, was bought from a man now living for sixty dollars only. What a pity it is that he got so small a sum of money for it.

There are men now living who shot deer in the same place where the Union Depot and heaviest blocks of building are standing at the present time. They must be sensible to the great changes which has taken place since then.

I saw a splendid monument of considerable height which Governor Brown liberally erected over the grave of his mute son or relative at a cost of about $20,000.

In 1841, the first school house ever built in Atlanta was a log hut within a thicket, and was used by all denominations for church on Sunday, but now there are fine school houses and splendid churches. The public schools educate nearly 5000 children without cost. I predict that Atlanta will ere many years become the New York of the South.

The man who made the first brick in Atlanta is now in the land of the living, and in prime vigor.

It is considered a healthy city, a case of yellow fever having never visited it.

The first house built in that city was in 1837. I went to Staunton, Va., to teach in the same year.

I called this afternoon on my deaf-mute friend, Mr. Willie F. Johnston the druggist, who said that he received a beautiful donation on the form of a sum of money, in gold from his employer as a Christmas present. He is much liked at the drug store.

This afternoon, I called on the steps of the Capitol, Col. Skinner, whose sister, a highly educated deaf-mute lady, visiting Norfolk, Va.

I am told that in the office of one of the city undertakers is lying the same coffin out of which the remains of John Randolph, of Roanoke, was taken to be put in a new one before re-interment.

I leave town in the morning.

Yours sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

Letter from E. P. Holmes.

DEAR MR. E. A. HODGSON:—Last Monday evening I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Randall Leigh Cameron, an excellent talker. However, we could not chat together in the American sign-language except by the single hand for he was educated according to the English system of instruction which is very different from ours. He consented to make one of our number at supper. After which we engaged in a long written conversation on different subjects, all being much interested in the conversation. Mr. Cameron is travelling as a regular correspondent for the *Evening Post* of Appleton, Wis., and also as a paragrapher for several other papers. I was much surprised at his remarkable manner of writing, without hesitancy, in his conversation, for I did not take him to be a deaf-mute. He said *yes* in his reply to my asking him if he is congenitally and totally deaf and dumb. I hardly have believed this assertion however. His head looks excellent, his face intelligent, and his eyes keen. He is a short and stoutly built man. He has not any beard. His hair is light brown. He was born in Ruthven Castle, Scotland, and is 38 years old. He said he was a member of the Boston Deaf-Mute Society, and was once a librarian of the society, and that the library case contained (I thought he said) 1800 volumes. We were very much surprised at the ease and fluency with which he conversed, and wondered if it was possible that a congenital mute could attain to such proficiency, and if so why other congenital mutes do not aim as high and excel. I had supposed the National Deaf-Mute College of Washington, was the only one in the world. He says he went through a course of fourteen years' study at York Royal College for Deaf-Mutes and graduated with two degrees—that of B. A. and B. P. None could graduate without first writing an article, which should be accepted by the *London Times*. There were twenty-one in his class, and sixteen were successful. His course of study included Latin, French, German and English languages. Do you know of any such school, or of Mr. Cameron? It would be strange if he should not be known by some of the mutes and his name become famous as a literary character. He says he will go again in '83 to study Chemistry and Political Economy at Berlin, Germany. He also says he goes to Scotland every summer to see his mother, and hopes to attain to his father's position on a paper in Glasgow.

He was very interesting in his conversation. I give two quotations from him first relating to the introduction of articulating classes he said "Edward Lavalletta, a deaf-mute of Paris, France, went to Brathwood, Scotland, to see Bell and used these words: "Dr., I am a deaf-mute, and have always been deaf. I want to speak and want you to teach me." Bell replied: "c'est impossible." Lavalletta begged him to attempt it, and Bell did so, and now Lavalletta is as fine an advocate as any who practice at the bar of the French Courts of Final adjudication. I say that what a speaking man can do I or any other mute can do as well." Then again speaking of the deficiency of American education of deaf-mutes, he gave this instance.

"In Indianapolis, Ind., a young mute lady whom I attempted to teach natural philosophy said that "water, wine and *cry* were liquids." That mistake would never have been made in English "Schools."

Then again. "In France they keep the mutes in school from 8 until 26, and it is compulsory education of the strongest kind. They go upon the principle that kill or cure we must succeed, and quite as often kill, as they make proficient schools not from a superabundance of educational facilities but from a lack of feeding troughs.

"The school are conducted by monks who draw a certain amount of commissary supplies for the use of the mutes, and to use the words of Bert, "the pupils decrease in physical magnitude in less rapidity than the monks increase, and *both* fail in mental improvement."

"France, Spain and the three Royal George Colleges, use the Ponce de Leon method, and being the oldest, we think, in common with all conservatives, that old things are better than new."

I would not write at so much length, but that I wished to give to the public his opinions regarding European and American systems of deaf-mute education, and likewise the expression of yourself and the public generally in answer thereto.

TRULY YOURS,
ED. P. HOLMES.

Reminiscenses of Fanwood.

NUMBER 6.

MUSA DERONDA.

Musa Deronda was a regular "broth of a boy." Our acquaintance commenced by my noticing a fresh scar on his neck, while sitting beside him in chapel. I was so much concerned that I asked him immediately what caused it. He told me that his teacher had given him a lash for some fault and accidentally hit him on the neck, instead of on the back as he had intended. Fortunately the scar did not leave a permanent mark, and so the teacher was saved a life of bitter remorse.

It was the custom of Old Fanwood to give bad marks for offences against the rules, and at the end of the week to square the account by giving the offender the same number of strokes with a whip as he had marks in his account. One day our class—the First—went to see that nautical bore, the Great Eastern, and after our visit, I felt a desire to visit my home. Not knowing the way, Deronda was deputed to go with me, and act as my "guide, philosopher and friend," on the way. After seeing me to my home, he went to his own. Next morning we met and went back to Fanwood. Musa had stuffed his pockets full of segars. Unfortunately it was the day for squaring accounts, and when Deronda's turn came, he went up to Mr. Watkins, pulled his coat half off, and thus revealed his stuffed pockets. Mr. Watkins promptly confiscated the segars, and I think, smoked them. Poor Musa had to go segarless to bed that night.

After leaving school, Deronda blossomed out into one of the most dressy men in the city.

His clothes were always well selected and of the best material. Once, however, by a slight mistake somewhere, his pants were rather wide. I made so much fun of them that he sent them to the yellow fever sufferers in the South. It was a more generous action than appears at first sight, for the pants were so wide that by splitting them two pairs could have been made out of the material, so Musa must be credited with having given away two pair.

This was years ago—how many is of no consequence—and Deronda is now one of the quietest dressed middle aged men of my acquaintance.

Although exceedingly popular among the fair sex, Musa Deronda has so far escaped their wicked wiles and remains a bachelor, and it is hoped he will long continue so, for if he was married several young ladies would loose a pleasant escort as it is probable his wife would want him all to herself.

CYRIL CADWALLADER.

For the Journal.

NEGLECTED BY OUR GIRLS.

From every quarter come the cry of discontent with our modes of education which deal with the head only; which leave the hand untrained, and the muscles untried; which result in placing the "young lady" of the house upon a sofa with just force enough to read a novel, and which pile up the labor of the family upon one poor kitchen drudge who goes blundering on from week to week without thought and without hope. A portion of the work which is crushing out the life of that mindless kitchen drudge would restore the "young lady" to vigorous womanhood, and do more for her intellect than the books she reads. Household labor done with thought and conscience is among the most educating of all exercises. It is experimental chemistry. It is philosophy taught by example. It is a course in fortitude in benevolence in honesty, in exactness. There is no country where the average food of the people is of higher quality than it is in the United States. Perhaps nowhere is cookery worse than it is in the United States. In the immediate vicinity of young ladies' seminaries of wide renown, the art of cooking is scarcely known and people eat the most crude and indigestible messes of the frying pan. This is because the female mind of the country is educated away from the duties that belong to its share of the world's work. Frequently it is educated to disdain, with a particular and unconquerable contempt, the very part of its task upon which the health and the good temper of a family depend. Happily, all this is, we hope, drawing to an end. There are cooking schools in the south, as in the north, and the feeling grows daily in force that an education that unfits a young woman for homely duty in the household is, not education, but degeneracy.

LIZZIE CAMPBELL.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

New Year's Callers.

Mrs. W. R. Corwin, No., 42 South Arsenal Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind., kept "Open House," Monday, from 1 P.M. to 5 P.M., assisted by Mrs. J. L. Houdyshell, Mrs. Harry Bierhaus, and Misses Bella Lowe and Alice Freeman.

As the affair was gotten up on the "spur of the moment," there was considerable doubt as to how the evening would pass off. However, it was a success from the first to the last, though it was not a "Fifth Avenue" and they were not honored with a call by the "Diplomatic Corps," of Washington City, though they were with Complimentary cards "from the Yale Glee Club," in whose list they recognized an old time friend, and also received calls from several prominent gentlemen.

The costumes of the married ladies were simply elegant; Mrs. Corwin wearing plum colored silk and velvet with a long train; Mrs. Harry Bierhaus looked charming in a silk of the same shade elaborately trimmed with satin and steel ornaments; Mrs. Houdyshell was elegantly attired in a tailoring bronze green silk and brocade with costly lace and jewels; while Misses Lowe and Freeman were becomingly dressed in stylish costumes of bronze and myrtle green.

From their charming entertaining ways, a casual observer would not have surmised that these ladies were not possessed of all their faculties. But a closer scrutiny would have revealed "tablets and leadpencils" which gave them away for what they were, mutes—and all teachers of the Deaf-Mute Institution, with the exception of Mrs. Houdyshell.

The daintiest refreshments were served in the dining room to the gentlemen, where pencils, fingers, etc., were kept very busy. Altogether it was the most novel affair of the season.

A NEWCOMER.

INDIANAPOLIS, 1-3-'82.

The miner's little effort: "I seek for wealth in vein."

We are going to Arkansas to start a paper, calling it Quinine and Whiskey. Everybody will take it.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JAN. 12, 1882

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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One copy, one year, - - - $1.50
Clubs of ten, - - - - 1.25
If not paid within six months, - - 2.50

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Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Beware of the Railroad Track.

"Fools rush in where wise men fear to tread."

One of our readers has taken the trouble to count up the number of railroad accidents which have happened to deaf-mutes during the year 1880 as recorded in the JOURNAL. He finds that there were forty-two, and of this number thirty-two proved fatal. Although most of the deaf-mute accidents which take place on the railroad are published in this paper, there are no doubt many which we do not hear of. It is within the bounds of probability that there was an average of one deaf-mute death a week from walking on the railroad. This is a terrible mortality from such a cause. Sickness and various other accidents which carry people to their last home can not be prevented or forestalled with certainty, but railroad accidents of the character to which we refer most assuredly can. There is no fear that a deaf-mute will die from a railroad accident if all will determine never to walk on the railroad, and stick to their determination. Surely the deaf-mutes ought to recognize the great danger which arises from this pernicious habit. One death a week! Reader, it may be your turn next, if you are a railroad track walker. Of course you have walked the railroad often, and have not yet been hurled to eternity by the locomotive. But this kind of reasoning will be no consolation to you or to your friends when you are brought home a bleeding mass from which life is fast ebbing away. We ask all who read this to take warning by the fate of the forty-two unfortunates of 1880. Do not deceive yourself with the idea that you are smart enough to take care of yourself, and do with safety what others have tried to do, but found the locomotive too abrupt to suit their purpose. It is neither smart nor wise to rush into danger. If you recognize that fact, but think your time too limited to take the roundabout way, just pause for a moment, and reflect that in trying to save a few minutes you may lose the long years of what might prove a happy and useful life. Where the railroad track is concerned, deaf-mutes should understand that the "long way round is *always* the shortest way."

THE mute New Yorkers have at last through their chosen Committee decided upon a Levee, which will be held on the 21st of next month. It is scarcely a question but it will prove a success, though if it had been held during the Christmas holidays, it would have had better advantages in its favor. Of course, the Boston and Philadelphia mutes as well as out-of-town mutes in general are expected to be present. New York has always had a representative or two at the public deaf-mute parties in other cities, and now that her deaf-mutes are to hold a grand party, we hope the other cities will return the compliment by having a few of their prominent mutes present.

REV. A. W. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Cleveland, O. - - - - Jan. 15th.

Other appointments will be published later on.

Mr. William A. Watts, of Coxsackie, N. Y., went to Springfield, Mass., to see his friend Mr. John A. Cady, a deaf-mute graduate of the Hartford School, but failed to find him. On the following day he was told that Mr. Cady was in Hartford and married to a deaf and dumb lady so Watts traveled to the "Elm City" and was happily welcomed by the couple. Mrs. Cady is a pretty German lady. She went to school in Philadelphia. Her husband is a cigar maker in Hartford. Watts stayed with the happy couple for two days and then left Hartford for Boston. He could not possibly attend the Levee and said it was unlucky for him, but he could not help it. Business before pleasure, you know.

ITEMIZER.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

I. N. Soper says he had a "boss" time at the Boston Levee.

Miss Numford is the new head matron of the Lexington Ave. school.

Miss Nellie E. Barrett reports having had a fine time at the Boston Levee.

Oscar Kinsman, of Providence, R. I., "warms his new house a fortnight hence.

"Cor."—Stella Coe's address is 490 California Street, care of Mrs. Emma Ward.

Two deaf-mutes, while intoxicated, fell into a canal at West Troy, where with difficulty they were rescued from a watery grave by friends.—*Albany Press & Knickerbocker of Dec. 29th.*

It is rumored that Mr. Jackson, of Massachusetts, is engaged to a certain young deaf-mute lady of Harlem, New York City. If this statement proves untrue, will he please rise and refute it.

Miss Minnie Glenn, daughter of Superintendent Glenn, of the Indiana Institution, has one of the finest grand upright pianos ever sold. Splendid tone and finish. Miss Minnie is taking a course of lessons, and bids fair to make an accomplished pianist.

There is a deaf-mute lady, living in Vienna, N. J. It is said that she is a good housekeeper though she has never been to school.

Mr. Washington Houston is much pleased with the new heading of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL and thinks it is very appropriate. He much admires the word "the" spelled by the deaf-mute alphabet.

A subscriber of seven years standing, desires to say that Mr. Leo Greis was one of the pupil of the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes for a longer period than the New York Institution which he attend for only two weeks.

Mr. William Kinney, a deaf-mute, who has been in Hackett-town, N. J, finished his work in the carpenter shop, and he expects to go to Newark, N. J, for a visit. His boss says that Mr Kinney is a first class carpenter. Lately he changed his mind not to go on account of the small-pox in Newark.

Rev. H. W. Syle joined the Chirological Lyceum last Wednesday evening. The mutes are very glad to have Him, as he is a good and kind man. They hope many more will follow his example. It might be well to add that Rev. Syle has lately been presented by his wife with a baby—boy. This information will probably interest and afford pleasure to deaf mutes.

Last Wednesday evening, Mr. Herbert Scott, of Philadelphia, visited the Chirological Lyceum. He said he was pleased with it, and would like to become a member. He is fine young man, about twenty-one years old, and an artist of some ability, making crayon drawings of heads and other parts of the body. We advise the girls to keep an eye on him.

The magnificent floral ship received by Miss A. E Annis at the Chirological Entertainment in Philadelphia on the 28th ult, was presented to her by Mr. Joseph Bruthi. Mr. Bruthi is a pleasant and young man, is a member of the Chirological Lyceum, of quick perception and somewhat famed in deaf-mute society as an athlete.

A few days ago, a deaf-mute printer came to the Hackett-town, N. J., *Gazette* office in the evening, poorly clad and asked for work. As there was full hand at the office, there was no need of him. Two printers took him to a restaurant and gave him his supper, and led him to a place where he could lodge for the night. After living on the hospitalities of the two printers, the next day disappeared as if the frozen ground had swallowed him.

Wm. A. Watts writes us that he wants to tell his friends through the JOURNAL, that he was sorry he was unable to come to Brooklyn on the 5th inst., when he was in New York City, on account of his mother's sickness. He wants to hear from his friends W. F. Howell, Jas. Doran, E. P. Wood. Nye Brown and Calvin Brown.

William A. Watts arrived home all right from his long but pleasant visit in the "Hub" last Friday. He went to Boston from New York on the 15th of December. He enjoyed himself very much during his stay. He met Mr. John Acker, a graduate of the New York Institution many years ago. Acker lives in Rochester, and is a printer by trade.

"Lottie Marsden" was overheard to make the following remarks the other day:—"Of twaddle and gossip and such like, there is a sickening surfeit, but of conversation that deserves to be dignified by the name there is doleful dearth." Why not take the hint, whether it was meant or not, and cultivate the art of conversation, as assiduously as it was cultivated in the time of Sidney Smith, Charles Lamb or Coleridge, of "flashes of wit" and "brilliant repartee" among us deaf.

The Twilight Club, of Brooklyn, held its initial meeting for the new year, last Saturday evening, but one member being absent. Much business of importance to the organization was transacted. Applications for membership from a number of gentlemen were read, but for good reasons tabled until the next meeting. The club proposes to hold a "jollification" some time during the latter part of this or the first of next month and for that purpose a committee of three, to make arrangements, was appointed by the chair. The club at present is in a flourishing state, and bid fair to continue to be what it has always been the leading organization of the kind in New York City or Brooklyn.

Mr. Hughes, of Georgetown, Mass., has secured a situation in Brockton, Mass. Success to him.

William A. Jackson, of Attleboro, Mass., spent New Year's Day in the Metropolis and "City of Churches."

During a part of the holidays, F. W. Nuber was the only mute seen at the Lexington Avenue School.

Louis Schworer is said to be foreman of his father's butcher's business. Wonder if he is not "boss?"

For the information of "A Correspondent," Miss Almira Warren's address is 268 Madison Avenue, Albany, N. Y.

Mrs. Ella C. Blood, of Grand Rapids, Mich., presented her husband, W. H. Blood, with a little boy on the 2d of January.

Charles Pimm made his daughter, Mrs. A. R Carpenter a present of a nice sewing machine, the "Domestic," and it pleases her much.

Miss Ely, the teacher of the first class of the Lexington Avenue School, took some of her pupils to her home in Mount Vernon.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Benson, with their child, of a few months old, spent Christmas with Mrs. Benson's relatives, in Louisville, Ky.

Charles Fosdick, the foreman in the bookbindery department, at the Danville Deaf-Mute School, spent the holidays at home, in Louisville, Ky.

Connecticut, Rhode Island, Vermont, New Hamshpire, Maine, and New York, were well represented at the late Boston Levee, and also Washington, D. C.

Miss Maggie E. Fella, the Sunday School teacher of the Deaf-Mute Bible Class, at Louisville, Ky., was not forgotten on Christmas by her Bible Class, but remembered by all in the way of some fine presents, which were highly appreciated by her.

The celebrated Alexander Gerry, of Boston, Mass., is learning the trade of a wood engraver. He used to take an interest in pedestrianism which has died out. When asked what to do since he left off walking. His answer was a proposition of "fasting."

The librarian of the reading room of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes, located on Lexington Avenue and 67th Street, New York City, desires the editors of all mute papers to please send a copy of their respective papers.

Mrs. Sue Herr, the mother of Eddie O. Herr, gave the Louisville mutes a grand party, on the evening of January 2d. It was the first party the mutes have had for months. Mrs. Herr as hostess, was cheerful and kind, while Eddie was courteous and polite to all his fellow mutes, made every person feel at home. On this occasion, it was a real mute gathering. Mrs. Herr, and Mr. and Mrs. Lucas were the only hearing ladies and gentlemen present. Before retiring they partook of a sumptuous supper; there the long table was piled with the most delicious cakes, fruits, &c. Those present, were the Miss Annie Pierce, Alice Peters, Maggie E. Fella and Mrs. Annie L. Reighart, of Braddocks, Pa. Messrs. Herr, Sibert, Johnson, Frank Christman and John Fredericks. The number of mutes would have been larger had all who received invitations been present.

The Annapolis Valley Mystery.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE EXTRAORDINARY SHOOTING CASE.

The Halifax *Chronicle* of Saturday has some particulars of the shooting of the Munro children at East Dalhousie, the chase and capture of the assailant, Arthur Armendale, and a sketch of the fellow's career. The story of the shooting has already been told, but no explanation of why the crime was committed has yet been given. The *Chronicle* says:

The information obtained concerning Armonda'e's past life is very meagre. Born in Virginia of respectable parents, he left school at the age of 14, entered the Southern army in 1861 as officer's boy, was employed as a scout and spy, and fought and was wounded in several engagements. After the war he attended the first course of the Pennsylvania Medical College, "but," said he, "I had not means to carry it through." Here he got in with the fast set. "You know," he continued, "a man has often friends whom he had better not have although he may not know it at the time. My chum was a good fellow, but he was unconsciously dragging me down. From drink to gambling I went to worse. Having to leave the States I sought concealment here. It struck me to be deaf and dumb, and I at once assumed the role. My parents and friends are respectable people, and they know nothing of me to-day."

When asked the reason for committing the crime he said:—"You will excuse me from answering that question." To this question, "Will you make a defence?" he replied: "I don't know. I could get means to make a defence, but I have formed no plan yet." He said he would rather hang than to be sent to prison for life, and when told that the children might recover, said: "So much the worse for me."

In his examination as a deaf-mute he heard many things in the houses where he stayed that were never intended to be known outside, and in proof mentioned one or two amusing incidents. "But," said he, "mum is the word." He was through the Provinces with Stone's & Murray's Circus about eleven years ago, and claims to have travelled all over Europe and the United States and parts of Asia.

The prisoner is about 5 feet 5 or 6 inches, very straight, rather slight but well knit, and well developed in muscle. His carriage at once gives evidence of military training. His complexion and hair are light, forehead low, cheek bones very prominent, the chin rather long, and he wore a slight moustache. "Very few," he said, "have the expression of eye that I have." And indeed his restless, gray eyes animated the whole face. To meet him face to face his animated countenance and polite manner gave not an unpleasant impression, but an examination of the profile is not so flattering. Before coming to Nova Scotia he passed several months disguised as a woman. Several robberies and attempts made in Bridgewater are now charged against him, but no evidence has yet been produced.

Armondale first appeared in Annapolis County about the end of last April, when he represented himself as deaf and dumb and unable to write at the time—a suspicious circumstance, for he could both read and spell words on his fingers with tolerable accuracy. He also painted a little. His supposed affliction excited commiseration, and efforts were made to obtain the painting of the new Methodist Church in Northfield for him, but while this matter was pending he left for parts unknown. When next he put in an appearance in the fall, his "lay" was fortune-telling by cards, and then Armondale could write.

Don't the *Frontiersman* know the difference betwee "Salutary" and salutatory.

Nine ex-students of National Deaf Mute College were present at the Boston Levee.

On the 8th inst., Geo. W. Davis gave five dollars to the Boston Deaf Mute Society for one year.

H. O. H., of Lawnsville Centre, Pa., is informed that we cannot send the JOURNAL until cash is received.

There are at present only four deaf-mutes in the town of Joliet, Ill. Three of whom are females and one male.

Messrs. M. Heyman, M. Sonneborn and I. N. Soper, members of the Social Union, of New York, were seen at the Boston

On the evening of February 23d, Isaac Lewis Peet, LL D, will lecture before the Manhattan Literary Association, on the subject of "Old Fenwood," with lecture before the Manhattan Literary Association.

W. A. Jackson, Esq., arrived home in Attleboro, Mass., last Tuesday, from New York, where he remained for a couple of weeks. "A Splendid time" was his report.

Mr. Wilber N. Sparrow, of Cape Cod, is Collector for the St. John Institution for Deaf-mutes, under the charge of A. H. Abell, Esq. This School is chiefly supported by charity.

A speaking gentleman will lecture before the Manhattan Literary Association on the 19th inst. All deaf-mutes are invited to attend, the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet interpreting for their benefit.

A Connecticut correspondent writes: The JOURNAL comes in a new handsome dress, and its heading deserves notice and admiration. We all are happy to notice its combined prosperity and success."

Mr. Henry H. Loveland and Miss Elizabeth Williams, graduates of the New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes, were married by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet in St. Ann's Church, New York, on Thursday, January 5th, at 2 o'clock P M.

Our friend, George A. Newhall, spent the Christmas week in South Weymouth, Mass. He was a guest of his "brother" Ira H. Derby. They spent an evening at a church festival, and a general good time was had.

The classmates of John O'Harra, of the Hartford School, have been of late hunting up his whereabouts, and have finally ascertained that John is dead. He was an ambitious and promising pupil, and was employed by W. L. Hill, Esq., Publisher of the Athol (Mass) *Transcript.*

Julius Kraft, a well-known semi-mute, formerly from Reading, Pa., works at the Joliet Steel Co.'s Rail Mills "B" in Joliet Ills. He gets good wages, and has a steady and good job. He said he will never go back to work at his old place in the P. & R. Rolling mill in Reading, Pa.

Benjamin Lanins took a trip to Philadelphia, on the 24th of December, where he stayed a few days. He visited the Chirological Lyceum, and saw their recent entertainment. He was also present at the lecture by Prof. J. M. Koehler before the Clerc Literary Association.

Sven Malmar left Denmark eleven years ago, and on reaching New York became a pupil of the New York Institution. He now lives in Corry, Pa. On January 6th, he visited Wilbur Woodruff at Spring Creek, Pa., and on the next day went to Columbus, Pa., to see Lincoln Smith, with whom he spent the afternoon, playing chess.

Mr. James B. Caton, a blind deaf-mute, of Highland, accompanied by his friend Charles D. Newton, of New York city, left the city on the 23d inst., and have been visiting two weeks' vacation at Highland and vicinity. They were in our village on Saturday and dropped in at our office. James is very glad to meet his friends. He and his friend Mr. Newton will go back to school this Thursday evening.—*New Paltz (N. Y.) Independent.*

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Davis, of Sandusky, Ohio, were the victims of a surprise party on the eve following New Year's, at their cosy little home, where due justice was done a goodly collection and the evening pleasantly passed. The surprise gathering was similar to the one tendered to Mr. and Mrs. R. P. McGregor a couple of years ago, in Cincinna i, by their mute friends, among whom was Mrs. Davis, then Miss Lucy M. Cook, and whose cake all the participants voted *ne plus ultra.* Mrs. Davis, with her little boy, recently returned from a brief sojourn in the "Queen City" and reports having had a "bonnie" time.

At the last meeting of the Twilight Club, after business had been transacted, a number of ladies who were in an adjoining parlor were invited to meet the members socially. The gravedigging Professor Isaac Newton S. gave an amusing account of his adventures at the Boston Levee which he attended, and also an outline of his visit to Lowell, Mass. The "Big Injun" Waters contributed his share to the jollification by an account of his visit to Thomaston and other parts of Connecticut. According to these gentlemen, the club is widely known and favorably commended upon in New England. The Chairman of the Manhattan Literary Association's coming Levee, who is also a prominent member of the Twilight Club then got the floor and solicited the aid and encouragement of those to that object. This was promised, and he retired amid thundering applause.

A Gathering of Deaf Mutes.

A very interesting meeting of forty deaf-mutes was held at the residence of William H. Averill, on Montowese street, Branford, Ct., which a *Times* correspondent had the pleasure of attending, and where Mr. Averill and his good wife entertained them most sumptuously. These people came from New Haven, Hartford, New York, and other places; they were the most quiet people I ever saw! And to witness the earnest way that they enjoyed their social game! was a feast to behold. About 10 o'clock, they were invited to take seats at the table, which was loaded with everything that heart could desire to satisfy the wants of an inner. After supper they proceeded to the parlor where a large Christmas tree was loaded down with useful and ornamental articles. Before distributing the contents from the tree, they held a meeting for the purpose of doing something to commemorate the memory of the late President Garfield, who did so much for them, in obtaining an appropriation from Congress to hold a National College for Deaf Mutes. They resolved to contribute a sufficient sum to procure a bust of the lamented President to be placed in the college, costing about $1,200. After that they presented the presents from the tree which appeared to give perfect satisfaction to all present; and in the opinion of your correspondent it will be a long time before they forget the happy reunion at the Averills house in Branford.

A number of deaf mutes formed an acquaintance while attending the Institute at Hartford, and they hold yearly reunions in different places. Last year they met in New Haven, and on Monday evening here. The guests remained all night and departed in the morning.—*Times.*

Charley Vetterlein is the champion mute skater of Brooklyn.

Mr. G. E. Kohler, of York, Pa., is a member of two building and loan associations.

Wm. C. Winebigler is an expert cigarmaker of McKnightstown, Pa. He resembles a preacher in appearance.

Messrs. Lewis Lyons and Edward Shore and Miss Kittie Burnham, of Waco, Texas, had a pleasant time visiting their friends.

Miss Elnora Rose called on James Caton, the blind deaf-mute, when he was at his home recently. She had a pleasant chat with him about her old friends at the Institution.

Mrs. Mary Jeffers, *nee* Dugan, formerly of New York, is well situated, and is happy to live with her husband.

It is reported that George Schouten, formerly of the Rome Institution, has taken unto him a speaking bride.

Has Mr. S H. Howard "Titcomb's Letters" by Dr Holland, in his possession still? If so, please forward it to the owner.

Some of the members of the Sirius Club which was disbanded, are going to become members of the Twilight Club, of Brooklyn, soon.

Joseph B. Hills, of Anamosa, Ia., a graduate of the New York Institution, died suddenly on the 7th of November last, aged fifty-seven years.

A correspondent writes:—"Mr. Joseph Bruthi, of Philadelphia, is called "dog legs," because he runs so fast. Our best wishes go out to Mr. Bruthi."

Mr. Lewis Lyons, of Waco, Texas, will go to Hillsboro this month, on a visit to some mutes. He has been absent from New York for seven months.

A correspondent wants to know whether there was any foundation in the report that S. H Howard got married as was inserted in the Itemizer some time ago.

Mrs. Lizzie Frey, wife of a packer, has got three pretty puppies at her house in Jersey City. She says she will sell them to a dog fancier for fifteen dollars soon.

On Christmas Day, Mrs. John Lounsbury, of Brooklyn, received a present of a fat goose, weighing about twenty pounds, from her loving mother. She and her husband devoured it.

On the 13th, of September last, Mr. John Wilkinson was married to Miss Connor, of New York City, by Rev. Mr. Chamberlain. Their friends did not know of it until a few days ago.

A student of the National Deaf-Mute College has solved the riddle which appeared in the JOURNAL of December 22d, he says the boy was four years, nine months, and eighteen days old.

James. C. Stubbs, of Philadelphia, took a flying trip to Washington and Baltimore to see his old friends. He had a splendid time with his old friend George A. Gallion, of Michaelsville, Md. They were classmates at the Frederick, Md. School.

Last Saturday night, John A. Lounsbury and his old chum Alexander, attended the laughable drama "Furnished Rooms," in the Grand Opera House in the city of Churches. They are fond of going to theatres.

Emma, a pretty brunette of the City of Churches, would like to hear from her best friend, Miss Julia Kennedy, through the JOURNAL, and also her intended sister-in-law, Emma, of the Quaker City.

George Walters visited Mr. Pimm after the adjournment of the deaf-mute ball at Mexico, and reported an enjoyable time though there was but a small gathering of deaf-mutes, on the contrary to his expectations.

If the talked-of-levee is to be held in New York, in next February J. R Pimm thinks he will avail himself of an opportunity of being present there, because he expects to go to New York on some business and pleasure.

Mrs A. M. Evans asked where Miss Charity Vogelsang was. This replies to her: Miss V. is at Sardis, Miss., or is on her way there. She was in Rome visiting her old class-mate Mrs. Eddy, *nee* Hattie Roe, during the holidays. She left her on the 2nd to go to Sardis.

Last New Year's Day, Decker's Bakery was totally destroyed by fire. Many hands, including Mr. John Partington, a deaf-mute, were thrown out of employment. Mr Partington has succeeded in getting a job in Treadwell's Cracker Bakery in place of Alexander Dezendorf, who recently resigned.

Mayor Low, of Brooklyn, was pleased to receive the following mute callers, John Lounsbury, a champion mat weaver, Henry Stengele, a famous German shoemaker, Nick Zimmerman, of Chicago, and Alex. Dezendorf, at the City Hall last New Year's. He noticed the card the deaf-mute alphabet and he says he will learn the alphabet.

There is a deaf-mute agent selling silver of plated wares, &c, in the Western part of New York State. He is furnished with cards to show his business: reading, "Providence has stricken the bearer with deafness and dumbness. Will you buy one or two of these articles

Traveling Agent.

That sentence is charity-like in expression and is a disgust to all deaf-mutes of good education.

Mr. A. V. Bergquist, of Jamestown, N Y., is making an extensive tour through the State of Pennsylvania. He has already visited many places, and does not expect to return home for a couple of weeks. He says there is a deaf-mute lady, Miss Jane Russell, about forty or fifty years old, living in Cobham, Pa. She has never been to school, and is reported to be very sick. Mr. Bergquist became acquainted with her some years ago.

Mr. Geo. H. Witschief, of Hamburgh, N. J., formerly of New York City, writes:—"I read about Mr. Aby Koffman's Berkshire pigs last October. They were imported from England. One of them, ten months old, weighed 315 pounds; the other 300 pounds. A friend of mine, Mr. Joe Burrows, of Hamburgh, N. J., has one black sow, like Mr. Koffman's, which weighs 350 pounds, but it is three years old. Can any mute boast of a better pair than Mr. Koffman's, of the same age?

Among the doings on Christmas, in Anamosa, Iowa, was an assemblage of nine deaf-mutes and their friends at the residence of Mr. Samuel A. Lewis, together with his children, Sarah, Fanny, and Charles and wife, who came to spend the Christmas at home. Mrs. J. M. Skinner, of Maryland, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Bryant, of Miles, Miss Decker, of Delmar, and Mr. Gus. Levi, of Dubuque, were present. There were feasts, and an infinite amount of talking and the usual amusements befitting the occasion, Mr. Lewis has been prostrated with ill health for more than a year, caused by sun-stroke. He is now gaining in health, and is able to attend to his business.

The fortunate deaf-mutes who drew the prizes at the late Boston Levee, were Mrs Bowden, Miss Swett, Mrs. Follette, Mrs Kinsman, Mr. Tasker, Mr. Joseph Soper, and finally Eddie Fribee.

W. K. Chase was in Boston to greet his old friends again after ten years' absence. In the winter of 1870, he went to settle down in the wilderness of Florida. After staying there some ten years, he quit there for good and has since resided in Winsted, Ct.

J. Leslie Hoopes, the enterprising deaf-mute tailor, of West Grove, Pa, has lately bought a new building, 12x20 feet, which was used as a little store, and has fitted it up for his tailoring business. He would be glad to have his friends and acquaintances call on him, and solicits their patronage.

The Boston Levee which took place on January 2nd, was a very successful affair. Some 350 deaf-mutes were present. The Committee propose to hold a bigger one next year. Good news to those who did not go. The Salem society talks of holding a levee some time in February. Committee, please explain fully.

Joshua R. Pimm, of Wolcott, N. Y, was surprised to meet his aged speaking uncle, E. Joshua Reed, of Nebraska, whom he has not seen since his infancy. He was delighted to talk with him, and though he has not been among any deaf mutes for many years, is well versed in finger-language. He related all the curiosities, etc, of the far West country to the delight of his nephew. He is going to stay with his son, near New York, till spring.

Northeastern Penna. Notes.

Another year has passed and joined "Auld Lang Syne," and the New Year is before us, filled with bright promise of the future. While the past year has not been without its pleasures to the deaf-mutes of this region, yet some things have happened which we should all wish to be spared a repetition of. And in extending a hearty New Year's greeting to all, we hope that the dissensions of the old year, which have now nearly disappeared, may not be renewed, nor that others may arise to disturb the peace and harmony of the deaf-mutes here.

The new heading of the JOURNAL is quite an improvement on the old one, and elicits much praise from those who have seen it. It does credit to the designer and engraver, and also the paper, the typographical appearance of which it improves so greatly.

William H. Bradley, having completed a six years' course at the Philadelphia Institution, returned home last Saturday. We are informed he will be sent to the School for Feeble Minded Children, at Media, Pa., which he left to enter the Institution at Philadelphia. He has made wonderful progress, and for this all praise is due his teacher, Mr. T. J. Trist, who is noted for his success in teaching feeble-minded deaf-mutes.

We have often read of deaf-dogs, deaf-cats, etc., etc., etc., but we were skeptical up to a short time ago, when we came across a "*genus homo*" of the species. The dog in question, is the property of the father of Miss Ida Hopfer, a charming young deaf-mute lady, of Scott, Pa., and is—to use the expressive language of a friend—"deafer'n a post."

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Austin, of Susquehanna Co., gave a party to their deaf-mute friends on Christmas day, which is spoken of as a most enjoyable affair. About 17 deaf-mutes were present, among whom we noticed Mr and Mrs. Arnold, of Mill Hollow; Miss Weil, of Plymouth; Mr. and Mrs. Benninger, of Nicholson, and others.

The Rev. Mr. Syle held a service for deaf-mutes at St. Luke's Church in Scranton, on Sunday, January 1st which was very interesting, and well attended. The following notice concerning it appeared in the *St. Luke's Parish Kalendar*:—

"On the feast of the Circumcision, at the Evening Service, the Rector baptized Mr. J. M. Koehler, the teacher of the class of deaf-mutes in this city, and a deaf-mute himself. It was one of the most interesting services that we have ever taken part in. The Rev. H. W. Syle, of Philadelphia, was present, and interpreted the Evening Prayer and the Baptismal Service to the deaf-mutes, of whom about twenty-five were present.

Mr. Koehler has been teaching a class of deaf mutes each Sunday at 2 P.M. for some time past, at the Y. M. C. A., but will soon remove them to the Parish Guild Room."

Mr. Syle will visit Scranton again next month, if nothing happens to prevent him. His visits are always welcomed by the deaf-mutes hereabouts; and much interest is manifested in the services by both the deaf and hearing.

Jan. 9. 81. N. E. PENNA.

American Enterprise.

No invention of the nineteenth century has worked a greater revolution in household economy or conferred more of a benefit on humanity than the sewing machine.

The first productions were crude and uncouth in the extreme, and it was reserved for American skill and ingenuity to bring forth a machine of any practical value.

In order to appreciate the great advancement which has taken place it is only necessary to compare one of the machines built during the infancy of the invention with one of the latest improved "Light Running New Home," the rapidly increasing popularity of which is the envy of all its competitors.

In the manufacture of this machine old ideas have been discarded, and in accordance with the progressive movement of the age, new mechanical principles have been substituted of such inherent and absolute value as cannot fail to commend themselves to the most casual observer.

For all kinds of domestic and manufacturing work, the "New Home" is unequalled.

All the really good points contained in other machines have been utilized in its construction.

Many new improvements and devices have also been added, the result of which is a machine as nearly perfect as it is possible to make one.

For simplicity, durability, ease of management, and capacity for work, the "Light Running New Home" has no rival, and the happy possessor of one may rest assured that he or she has the very best the world affords.

All who send for the Company's new illustrated catalogue, and enclose their advertisment (printed on another page,) will receive a set of advertising novelties of value to card collectors. Their address is JOHNSON, CLARK & CO., 30 Union Square, New York.

What New York Institution Graduates are doing in New England.

MR. EDITOR:—I was present at the levee in Boston, January 2, and was pleased to see several graduates of the New York Institution. I will give a short account of one of them.

A young man, with a heavy moustache, wearing a dark suit of clothes, encased in a heavy ulster coat, buttoned to the neck, walked, with a charming young lady, into Chandler Hall. That man was Isaac Blanchard, and that lady was his wife, *nee* Miss Sargent. Blanchard graduated from the High Class at the New York Institution eight years ago. He was a leading spirit in winter sports and was much endeared to his classmates and schoolmates. There was a rumor that just before the death of James Fisk, Jr., Blanchard was called to his bed and was presented with $25. In a few minutes Fisk expired. After Blanchard's graduation he went to Europe, where he remained for a year, in quest of his health. He is now working in the Rubber works in Charlestown, Mass., and makes comfortable wages. His wife is an accomplished lady. She is always seen smiling, and has proved a valuable acquisition to her husband. She is a graduate of the Northampton Articulation School. They were married last Thanksgiving, and will begin housekeeping next Spring.

A gentleman, with a silk hat, and his newly married wife, were late in entering the hall, and occupied a seat near the platform. They were congratulated by some mutes on their marriage. He smiled and his wife blushed. That was Mr. Parcells, who left the New York school about fifteen years ago. He is well known throughout New England. His wife is reported to be very rich. He is something of a book canvasser.

The [illegible]st mute seen at the levee was Mr. W. K. Krause, who bid adieu to the New York Institution fourteen years ago. He was a member of the High Class, and was the terror of all bad boys. He was a noted bullist of the Fanwood baseball club, which was a powerful one. He is the most popular mute in Boston. He is always sought for to give good jokes at deaf-mute parties, masquerades, etc. He is a first class engraver, and is doing very well.

The most lively and chatty mute lady at the levee was Mrs. George Homer, who took her education at the New York Institution under Dr. Harvey P. Peet. She has a remarkable degree of activity, in consideration of her age, her husband being over 70 years old. Her always smiling face is an indication of domestic happiness. George is an indulgent husband, and is represented as being the wealthiest mute in New England. They have a fine residence. She once danced with General Nathaniel P. Banks, ex-governor of Massachusetts.

A young lady, in answer to Prof. Weeks' desire to have any one in the audience to come to the platform and say something, took the stand and rebuked the mutes who are too lazy or ashamed to work. Working to earn a living, she said, is no disgrace in the sight of God, and every mute, who is able should work. She made a good impression among the working mutes. The lady is Miss Morrow, of Fall River, Mass., a graduate of the New York Institution. She is a weaver in one of the leading mill in Fall River. She is now visiting friends in Putnam, Conn.

Richard Kinsella, who completed his eight years at the New York Institution about two years ago, was seen at the levee, and seemed to enjoy himself very much. He recognized the writer, who asked him some questions. Kinsella said he was always treated kindly by the authorities of the Beverely Industrial school, Prof. William Sweet, principal of the school, generously brought him to the levee. He is clean shaven and wears good clothes. He looks much better. He said he was sorry so few New York mutes were at the levee.

Prof. W. H. Weeks, who graduated and was a teacher in the New York Institution long ago, took a prominent part at the levee. He is now a teacher in the Hartford Asylum, and is too well known to need a description.

Mr. Platt, who was a pay pupil at the New York Institution, was at the levee with flash jewelry. He inquired after his old chum, Edwin Frost, of New Jersey. He is a tool-maker, in Middletown, Conn., where his father is superintendent of a machine shop. GRADUATE N. Y. INSTITUTE.

NEW ENGLAND, Jan. 4, 1882.

THE BOSTON LEVEE.

A Brilliant Gathering

OVER 300 PRESENT.

An Immense Success.

The day was clear and cold, adding zest to the sense of pleasure and enjoyment that were felt within doors. Long before six o'clock, a crowd of pleasure-seekers bent upon making a night of it poured into the spacious hall. Many came from all parts of New England. It was estimated that three hundred and fifty were present. Promptly as the clock struck seven, a procession was formed, headed by Mr. J. T. Tillinghast. A noticeable fact which caused not a little comment was the large number of graduates of Northampton that came to the Levee. Many of them came to a deaf-mute gathering for the first time, and of all those who took part in the various amusements of the night, none seemed to be enjoying themselves more keenly than those graduates of a school who had been taught, if not commanded, to keep aloof from the graduates of other schools. To my mind, nothing can be more absurd than the idea that the learning of a new language like the sign language can do any harm to those graduates of articulation schools, who have learned all they could at school and are mingling with the rest of the world. The time when the use of signs could impare their speech and retard their improvement is past; not then, but when they were still at school might the use of signs have had an injurious influence upon their progress in language and lip reading. With those who can hear they will still talk, and with those who can not hear, they will, as a matter of course, use that method which seems to them the most convenient. In justice to the school at Northampton, those young men seemed to possess a degree of intelligence above the average, whether owing to their natural abilities or to the superior advantages of the system by which they had been taught, I am unable to say. As yet, I have met with a few graduates from Northampton and I would like to see more of them than I have done. Perhaps it is not so much the system as the zeal and intelligence of the teachers that produces such good results as has been well exemplified in the celebrated pupils of Dr. Thomas Arnold.

To return to the Levee. At eight o'clock, seats were taken to witness the magic lantern exhibition of Philo W. Packard. The exhibition was much applauded by the audience according as one view or another struck their fancy. The views representing scenes and incidents in the assassination of Garfield interested the audience particularly. This exhibition was followed by a laughable comedy in which Mrs. Follett, Mrs. Kinsmann, and a son and a daughter of Mrs. Follett, took part. Mrs. Follett was very amusing in the character of an old gossipy, snuff-taking old woman. The piece was the same that was played at last year's Levee, with the exception that there were two more persons in it. Mrs. Follett's acting was well appreciated by the audience, as was evident from the frequent outbursts of laughter.

We adjourned to the banquet at Copeland's. Nearly two hundred persons sat down to the banquet. It was such a supper as could hardly have been obtained elsewhere for the same price. We all did excellent justice to the rich viands set before us.

After our return to the hall, the contest for the bible prize took place. It proved a very interesting occasion to all. Several young ladies came upon the platform and spelled the Lord's prayer through. Such as in the opinion of the judges spelled correctly were allowed to stay on the platform, and such as made a mistake were allowed to step down. In this way the number was reduced to about ten young ladies, who declaimed the Lord's prayer in signs each after the other. Even before the prayer was rendered into signs, the eyes of all the audience was fixed upon one young lady, and the universal verdict was that she would be the winner. Her reputation as a graceful signmaker had preceded her and her quiet, ladylike bearing immediately prepossessed the audience in her favor. After every one had had her turn, the judges retired to a small room, calling the two members of the Committee to go with them. Their decision was briefly made up, and it was unanimously in favor of Mrs. Persis H. Bowden, of Beverly. When this decision was made known to the audience by Prof. Weeks, the applause that followed was almost deafening. The prize—a prettily bound copy of the New Testament for pocket use, and a larger printed bible for family use—was then presented to Mrs. Bowden in the midst of loud applause. The judges were Prof. Weeks, Mr. Packard and Mrs. Follette, who acquitted themselves in a very creditable manner and to the satisfaction of everybody.

The game of the "Dumb Band" proved very exciting. Twelve young men took part in it. The number soon dwindled to two, and the contest was confined to Eddie Frisbee and Frank Skillin. At each tap of Mr. McWilliams' drum the players changed their signs and took up that of their next neighbor. After a lively contest, Mr. Skillin made a mistake, and was ruled out, leaving Mr. Frisbee the victor of the field. The prize, a handsomely-decorated moustache-cup, was then presented to him by Mr. Holmes. The next contest between twelve young ladies also excited much interest. One after the other was ruled out until Miss Lucy Swett, of Beverly, was left. Then a velvet-framed mirror was presented to her as a prize.

Miss Swett is what may be called semi-deaf, but she has always attended the public schools and managed to keep a good standing in her class. She is a good illustration of what a semi-mute can do in a public school. Her familiarity with signs is due to the fact that she is the daughter of Wm Swett, Superintendent of the School for Deaf-Mutes at Beverly. Then prizes were competed for. Mrs. Kinsman, of Providence, and Mrs. Follette, were awarded the two handsome plush purses, much to the satisfaction of everybody. The breast-pin of painted forget-me-nots encircled in mosaic gold was awarded to Mr. Harry White. Mr. Joseph Soper, of Lowell, won the handsome Student's Lamp, as a hint from the Goddess of Fortune to take unto himself a wife and to start into housekeeping at once. A gentleman whose name has escaped my memory won the photograph album. The time was so short, and the audience had been confined to their seats so long, that it was thought best not to offer the "Plug Hat" prize. It may, however, be offered at the next Levee. One serious drawback to the enjoyment of the Levee was the length of the exercises upon the platform, and those who came to the Levee had but a few hours left before morning for dancing and social games among themselves. The Committee did not think that the programme would have taken up so much time as it has done, but unforeseen circumstances changed their plans somewhat. The Committee intends to make the exercises upon the platform much shorter next year, so as to allow more time for social games.

The rest of the night was passed in playing "Copenhagen," the favorite game. On the whole, the Levee was a success, and a pleasant time was had. Prof. Weeks, of Hartford, and W. H. Green, of Worcester, deserve special praise for their generous aid to the Committee, and their hearty co-operation was a source of pleasure to all who were benefited by them. They are entitled to the thanks of all at the Levee as well as to those of the Committee, who cheerfully give them credit for the same.

I must not forget to mention the presence of one person who caused a stir at the Levee. The redoubtable W. K. Chase was present to greet his old friends after a long absence, and his unexpected presence occasioned much suprise. In the course of the night, Mr. Tillinghast flourished his gold-headed cane, which was presented to him the day before by a few personal friends, numbering about eight or nine. The inscription upon the top, saying it was presented by the deaf-mutes of Boston is an error. It ought to read "Presented by a few personal friends," for the suggestion of a cane first from an outsider and was largely contributed to by outsiders. More than that, the presentation was made in the presence of those personal friends and not in public. The Deaf Mutes of Boston will not recognize the presentation as having come from them. The inscription was probably an oversight.

ENUFF SED.

Reminiscenses of Fanwood Number 7.

TOM JOGGLES' COURTSHIP.

CYRIL CADWALLADER, Esq:

DEAR SIR: I have been very much interested in your articles entitled "Reminiscenses of Fanwood" and especially in those in which you mention my beloved father, the late deeply lamented Tom Joggles. I was afraid that his old friends had forgotten him, but I am very glad to find that I was mistaken. To be sure there would have been some excuse for such forgetfulness, for my father found his home so pleasant after his marriage, and especially after my birth, that he rather neglected his old friends. I have heard him say, with the most bitter self-upbraidings, that he had not called on you for years, but he always added that he hoped that you would forgive him. He had, alas! no son to carry down the glorious name of Joggles to future generations. I was his only child. It is a pity that the name should be lost, and so I have fully made up my mind that if I ever marry, my husband must assume said name. My object in writing to you is to ask you if you can tell me anything about his courtship of my beloved mother. Any little trifle would be welcome, as I have no one to tell me about that interesting period in the lives of my parents.

Yours truly,
E. B. JOGGLES.

MY DEAR MISS JOGGLES:—Your letter was duly received and gave me great pleasure. Although only signed with your initials, I would immediately have known it was written by a lady, from the fact that you not only forgot the date, but also forgot to send me your address—few ladies date their letters—and so I am obliged to address you through the medium of a newspaper. I have a dim remembrance of the time your father was courting your mother. Joggles was always remarkable for his high spirits—always cheerful—but at that time he was decidedly melancholy. He wandered around alone, and was decidedly short and snappish in replying to questions. We were all deeply concerned, being afraid he was on a rapid consumption—his trouble made him as thin as a rail—but he always said in reply to our anxious and affectionate inquiries about the state of his health: "I am perfectly well, and wish you would mind your own business, if you have any to mind, and at any rate would leave me alone."

The first clue to the facts of the case which we found was a piece of paper covered with some writing writ by Joggles' own hand. It was a poem, but unfortunately, I have forgotten part of it. The part I remember was as follows:

The flower of Fanwood is Charlotte, my dear,
Her smiles all bewitching are lively to see,
The bee round her humming when sunshine was gone,
Who the rose were fled—might her lip take for one.
Her laugh it is music—her breath it is balm;
Her heart, like a lake, is as pure and as calm,
Till love o'er it came, like a breeze o'er the sea,
And made the heart heave of sweet Charlotte, my dear.

From the above, we judged that Joggles was in love, and very far gone, too, and as the sequal proved we were right. After being found out thusly, he made no secret of the fact, but talked so much about his darling girl that it was a great relief to us all when he was married. He did not invite me to his wedding, nor send me a piece of the wedding cake. I can easily forgive him, however, for not inviting me, as I came near dislocating my jaws at the last wedding I honored with my presence. Weddings are dull affairs, after all.

He was delighted when you were born—danced, sang and cut up generally. Many a night, when the thermometer was far below zero, your honored father walked up and down the room, clad in a single garment, with you in his arms, yelling like a little fury. Llewellen heard of it, and wrote a few lines on the subject, which I copy:

Lullaby, O lullaby.
That I heard Tom Joggles cry.
Lullaby, O lullaby,
What the dickens makes her cry?
etc., etc., etc.

You see, my dear Miss Joggles, that your father has not been forgotten by his friends, and I hope before I have finished my reminiscences of Fanwood, to have made the name of Joggles a household word from the great lakes to the Rio Grande, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Golden gate.

Yours truly,
CYRIL CADWALLADER.

The Garfield Memorial.

Official Bulletin, No. 5.

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE.
KENDALL GREEN, NEAR WASHINGTON, D. C.,
Jan. 7, 1831.

The following additional agents have reported since the last bulletin:

Geo. M. Teegarden, Turtle Creek, Pa.

D S. Rogers, Cedar Spring, S. C.

The following subscriptions have been received:

Francis Geis, New York City,	pd.	$2 00
Joseph A. Geis, do	pd.	1 00
Thomas F. Davis, Columbia Inst.,	pd.	1 00
Miss Belle Porter, La Crosse, Wis.	pd.	1 00
L. M. Larson, Deaf-mute College,	pd.	1 00
C. C. Griffin, do	pd.	2 00
G. W. Veditz, do	pd.	1 00
Charles Kerney, do	pd.	1 00
Thomas Lynch do	pd.	1 00
Amount already reported		270 50
Total to date		283 00

The committee, on behalf of the College undergraduates, has circulated a subscription paper and will soon be ready to report in full.

Mr. Nelson's christian name should have been printed William J., not William B, in the last bulletin.

A. G. DRAPER,
Treasurer.

An Xmas Party in Salem.

The new room of the Salem Society was the scene of a very pleasant entertainment on the 26th of December. There were forty-eight persons present, consisting of members and their friends. Several young men, graduates of Northampton, were present appearing to enjoy themselves in spite of their slight knowledge of signs. There were others present, who seemed to be having a good time not withstanding their tender ages namely some of the pupils from the Beverly School, and the little children of those deaf-mutes, who were present. The inmates of the Industrial Department of the school were also there in full force, who were surprised with gifts as well as the rest.

The tree loaded with presents, looked very pretty—all which was due to the taste and skill of the lady committee, Mrs. Hardy Chapman and Mrs. Persis Bowden. The motto—"A Merry Christmas to all"—greeted every new-comer.

Much fun and enjoyment took place when the presents were distributed, every one present, receiving one or more tokens of the good will of their friends.

Refreshments were partaken of and games of amusement were indulged in. Altogether a merrier party could hardly have been found, and a very enjoyable time was had. Many are looking forward with eager expectation toward another party of the same kind.

INEZ.

NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary Union.

THE "M. L. A."

Items of Interest.

The following is from the *Eagle* of last Wednesday evening, and, explains itself. It is also reported that Mr. Pownall went to another court the following day to see about a fair division of the property, but as yet we were unable to learn the particulars.

"The trial of the charge of assault made by William G. Pownall, a deaf-mute, against George S. Harvey, both partners in the glass staining business at 439 Hudson Avenue, came off before Justice Kenna this forenoon. The particulars or the case have already been published in the *Eagle*. Pownall who gave his testimony through Rev. Mr. Gallandet, of New York, told of his efforts to obtain a settlement with Harvey before the dissolution of the copartnership Last Saturday, a week ago, he went into the store. When Harvey came in five minutes later he handed Pownall a slip of paper, on which was written: "I will never pay you a cent." A few minutes later he demanded its return, and when refused, he struck Pownall, and in the struggle both men fell to the floor. Mrs. Pownall, who is a mute and a bride of four months, testified to some of the business and some of the other troubles of her husband and Harvey. Mr. Harvey's testimony was to the effect that he went to the store, when he saw Pownall put some papers taken from the safe into his pocket, and demanded their return. He placed his back to the door when Pownal caught hold of him and struck him. Both men then grappled and rolled over each other on the floor. Two men in the store at the time deposed that Pownall first caught hold of Harvey, and that no blows were struck. Any injury Pownall received was by the fall. The magistrate dismissed the complaint."

The first meeting of 1882 of the C. L. U. was held Wednesday evening, January 4th, 1882.

The first thing of importance was the examining of the Secretary's books by the Auditing Committee. The books were not found to be altogether satisfactory and several corrections were necessary.

While the Committee was examining the books, the members entertained each other by story telling or such things as came under their observation.

The Secretary also read several letters from deaf-mutes who had agreed to give something to help the fund along. The following circular, which was sent to all deaf-mutes who were known to be Catholics, will explain itself:

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION.
OF
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S CHURCH,
NEW YORK CITY.

NEW YORK, Dec. 14, 1881.

Dear ——

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union, organized two years ago, is desirous of establishing a fund from which a given amount shall be paid to the person or persons holding services for the benefit of the Spiritual welfare of the Association.

The Association desires that all Catholic deaf-mutes should contribute, and for this purpose send this circular, which will authorize you to act as a receiver of contributions for the Union.

Any sum, however small, is acceptable, and any efforts you may make in collecting funds from among your friends will be duly appreciated by the Association.

Please answer by enclosed postal card if you can or cannot, and how much, or whether you will remit by letter, or if any of the Committee will call on you. Please send names of those who contribute.

Contributions will be received up to January 22d, 1882.

JAMES RUSSELL, Chairman,
W. G. POWNALL,
JAMES F. DONNELLY } *Committee.*

The postal card enclosed with the above, contains the address of the Secretary of the Association, J. F. Donnelly, 56 Raymond St, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The object is a very worthy one, and deaf-mutes at a distance living in neighbouring cities have expressed their approval of it. We suppose that deaf-mutes who have not heard of it, but are willing to help it along can send any communications to the Secretary.

The last thing before the Association was the report of Chairman Russell, and it seems the project is getting along better than some expected.

The Manhattan Literary Association held a meeting on the Thursday following the above.

The members were somewhat surprised on entering their rooms to see it quite filled with hearing persons, but Dr. Gallandet in a few words explained the meaning of it.

He said that Richard Graham, the celebrated English temperance lecturer, would deliver a lecture before those present, and he (Dr. Gallandet) would interpret it for the deaf-mutes.

The meeting opened with prayer, and then Mr. Graham mounted the stage with Dr. Gallandet. His remarks were quite lengthy, lasting about three fourths of an hour.

He told of his work in England, of the misery among the poorer classes, and dwelt on the depression of trade in England, and pointed out drink as the cause of it all.

He stated he had come to America for the purpose of having a rest, as he had been lecturing daily in England, but since his arrival here he had already lectured over 100 times.

He told a rather amusing story of the ever present American reporter, which is quite foreign to England.

He said that wishing to see life in New York, he went to Police Headquarters in Mott Street, told the Superintendent in charge his wish, and was given a detective to accompany him. One evening was appointed, and he was at the Central office on time.

He thought the affair had been kept secret, but when he got there he found seven reporters waiting to accompany him. Knowing he could see nothing with such a crowd at his heels, he was utterly at a loss what to do. At last he was advised to give them the slip. He slipped out of a back door with his guide and walked rapidly away.

Soon they got in the lowest quarters of New York, and thinking of beginning his sight seeing he dropped in one of the vilest liquor saloons in the City.

He was nearly paralyzed on entering at seeing the seven reporters, he thought he had left in the Central office calmly ranged along the wall, note book in hand, quietly awaiting his arrival. He at last agreed to let one accompany him and the others "sloped."

Taken altogether, the lecture was a very fine one and was greatly appreciated by those present. And at the conclusion the lecturer was loudly applauded.

When the hearing portion of the audience retiring the M. L. A's. business began. The Secretary's report was read. Then the Chairman of the Committee, chosen to hire a suitable hall, gave its report. He had hired Manhattan Hall for the evening of February 21st. The terms to be $40 for the use till midnight, and $5 for each additional hour. He had given the proprietor $10 as a deposit and now it is a settled fact that the first Grand Levee of the Manhattan Literary Association will be held February 21st, 1882, rain or shine.

The Chairman of the Committee of arrangements, Mr. Wilkinson, and his aids, hereafter are to make the thing a success. The Association agree to leave all power in their hands, and it is hoped they will not abuse it.

Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallandet said that a gentleman was going to deliver a sketch of the life of the great car builder, John Stephenson, and he had agreed to deliver it before the M. L. A., and he (Dr. Gallandet) would be present and interpret.

Dr. Gallandet is also to deliver a lecture on February 9th. On February 16th, a debate will take place. Subject:—"Are women more revengeful than men?" Affirmative, S. Schloss, E. Winchester; Substitute, Geo. L. Reynolds. Negative, A. Weinberger and Schworer; Substitute, Lowenstein.

Hark, ye deaf-mutes of the Empire State, and others, who intend to attend the Levee. If you wish to have your full fun, and carry home some useful information, don't fail to come during Washington's Birthday week.

For, besides the Levee, which, no doubt will be a success, and notwithstanding ***'s. doubts, it *will* excel the Boston's, and the Hub will have to take second place.

Thursday, February 23d, Dr. I. Peet is to deliver a lecture. No remarks are necessary. The name is enough. A small admission fee will be charged to go to the Building Fund.

We think this is an excellent programme. The levee on Tuesday. Visitors can attend the Masquerade party at the New York Institution, on Wednesday, or go to some of the numerous theatres, and go to the lecture on Thursday.

We think a list of Hotel prices are not necessary, as in such a large city as New York, accommodations can be produced to suit all.

Lodgings run all the way (we mean respectable), from 25 cents to $3 a night. The 25 cent lodging houses, (single rooms for gentlemen only), are worth the money. The rooms are neat and clean, and ventilation is first class. These hotels are generally located on the Bowery.

For ladies, there is the hotel located at 34th Street and 4th Avenue, where first class accommodations can be had at moderate prices.

But if money is no object, we would prefer the 5th Avenue, or Windsor, and take our meals at Delmonico's

The following is from the *Sun* of the 29th inst. and speaks for itself, and is a warning to all to put no trust in sharpers, and other persons who live by their wits.

ENTRAPPED BY A MEDIUM.

TROY, Dec. 28.—In the fall of 1879, Mary E. McMahon of this city visited Ballston Spa. put up at a hotel kept by a Mr. Woods, and hung out a sign bearing the words "Mrs. Dr. Mann, Clairvoyant Physician." Soon afterwards she was introduced as a widow to Samuel Hides, an aged and wealthy resident of the village, who was a firm believer in Spiritualism. Mr. Hides was very deaf, and Mrs. McMahon expressed the belief that she could cure him. While Hides did not agree with her, he consented to undergo treatment. On his first visit to Mrs. McMahon, she went into an apparent trance, upon recovering from which she averred that she had received a communication from the spirits, who assured her that she would certainly cure Hides. The latter, who claims to have located the Franklin Spring on his property at the time the other springs ceased to flow through the direct intervention of the spirits, credited her statement, and then inquired what she intended to charge him. Mrs. McMahon said that she would treat him for $50 per month for three months, with a bonus of $500 in case of a cure. Hides, considering the figures too high, left the house. Two days later Mrs. McMahon visited Hides at the Franklin Spring, and caused him to undergo further treatment, which consisted of poking her fingers into his ears, tapping him under the chin, and making extravagant motions with her hands about his head. A few days later, Mrs. McMahon broached the subject of marriage, and led Hides to believe that it was a decree of the spirits that she should become his wife and deed his property to her. She then sat on his lap and kissed and embraced him. Hides demurred to the proposed marriage on the ground that he was too old, whereupon the woman again went into a trance, on coming out of which she declared that the spirits had informed her that Hides would live twenty years longer, would have two children born to him, would enjoy great happiness, and that unless the marriage was solemnized within two weeks, something would occur to separate them. Hides finally made an appointment to meet the woman in Saratoga Springs, where he deeded his property to her; she, in return, giving him a paper guaranteeing to him, during his lifetime, the rentals and other income from his estate. The couple then visited the pastor of the Catholic church, who refused to marry them. They then visited the Baptist parsonage, where they were joined in wedlock. After living together ten days, it it alleged that Mrs. Hides began to abuse the old man, and soon afterwards left him. Hides then commenced proceedings for a divorce, and to set aside the marriage contract, and the cause is now in progress before Judge Wait, of Washington County, the referee. The prosecution asserts that Mrs. Hides has another husband living, but she claims that he was drowned at Albany several years ago. Notwithstanding his experiences, Hides is still a firm believer in spiritualism, but insists that Mrs Hides is a false medium. The case excites great interest in this neighborhood, and some of the ablest counsel in this section of the State, including Gen. Charles Hughes, C. N. Moak, and E. L. Fursman, are engaged.

X. X. X.

The Nutmeg State.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL PARTY.

In New Haven, Christmas day, a party of mutes met in a Bible class, of Mr. L. G. Lock's residence. Among those present, Mr. Chas. F. Saxe and wife, M. Derham, of Waterbury, and W. L. Waters, of Brooklyn, N. Y. They were much pleased to indulge in pleasant conversation.

Next day, at 2:30 P.M., two crowded stages, drawn by two horses each went up and down hill, 8 miles to Branford. The occupants were gay and jolly—the boys going back and forth from one stage to another to talk with the ladies. The party arrived at Mr. Wm. H. Averill's pleasant farmhouse, where they waited for some others to come by train in the evening.

A large Xmas tree, laden heavily with a variety of many pretty holiday presents—costly books, albums, cards, silk handkerchiefs, laces, etc., given to Mr. Averill and wife, and also to others. Messrs. Saxe and Hines assisted in giving the presents.

We noticed Messrs. Pratt, Erbe and Muth, who came too late to see the presents given away.

Mr. H. Erbe made a very short speech in regard to the Garfield Memorial Fund. His collection amounted in full to $8—$6 in cash.

Among those present were Mr. J. D. Bartlett and wife, of Guilford; Mr. L. G. Leek and wife, Mrs. A. Beecher and J. A. Griswold; Misses A. M. Stoffel, M. Axt and Susan I. Cisco (a colored lady); Messrs. L. M. Kane, Wm. E. Bunnell J. H. McCue and — Rigger, of New Haven. M. J. Hine and wife, Mr. Chas. F. Saxe and wife, and Miss M. Derham, of Waterbury; Messrs. H. Erbe and J. Muth, of Thomaston, Mr. J. W. Pratt, of Middletown, and W. L. Waters, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and others—35 in number.

On Sunday, New Year's Day, we took carriages to ride ten miles from Waterbury to Thomaston. As we rode, we had a beautiful view of the scenery and running streams of the Naugatuck River. We arrived at Mr. Edward C. Ould's residence, a very pleasant frame house upon the hill. Mrs. Ould, *nee* Boughton, was very glad to have a New Yorker to come to visit her. We had a splendid big turkey dinner, after which fifteen mutes came in to attend a Bible Class, led by Mr. Marsh, assisted by Mr Ould in questioning twenty mutes (the largest party ever assembled in that place. We all took a deep interest in it. The mutes made very clear signs in turn when they read the verses. Some of them were asked to explain the meanings of some phrases.

We afterwards all went and called on Mr. Crossman and wife.

Despite the wind and snow, we rode home safely. MELTED ICE.

HURRAH!

Manhattan's Levee.

THE MANAGEMENT IN GOOD HANDS.

The Probable Programme

THE HALL.

The Manhattan Literary Association will hold a festival or levee on the evening of February 21st, and for that purpose has engaged the new and beautiful Manhattan Hall, situated on fifty-fourth Street near 8th avenue, in close proximity to the station of the Metropolitan Elevated Rail Road.

The management of the affair has been placed into the hands of a committee composed of some of the most prominent members of the association whose names are a guarantee that every thing will be done to insure a most brilliant success.

The programme, although nothing has yet been definitely settled, will doubtless comprise speech-making, dialogues, declamations, etc. mostly comic, and if possible there will be an exhibition by a magician and of fancy dog-dancing, lasting in all less than three hours, after which dancing and games will take up the rest of the time until an early hour the next morning.

The ladies and gentlemen of this vicinity who have extra talents for entertaining and amusing, should volunteer to take part in this FESTIVAL, and thus make it beyond doubt, a grand affair, and one which can, in years to come, be looked back too with pride and honor as a precedent which can with credit be followed. All such are invited to communicate without delay, with the chairman, John Wilkinson, (with Commercial Assurance Co.) Wall St., near Broad, City.

As far as the writer is aware, but little has of late been done towards increasing the "Building Fund" of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

The Manhattan Literary Association therefore now has the pleasure of taking the lead in furnishing an opportunity for all to contribute their mite towards this worthy object, by helping, in whatever manner to increase the receipts of this festival, one-half of which will go to the "Building Fund."

Jan. 6, 1882

Railroad Mortality of Deaf-Mutes as recorded in the "Journal."

DEAR EDITOR JOURNAL:—Every week I looked over your JOURNAL for some deaf-mutes being killed by the trains. I counted the deaf-mutes who were killed and hurt by the trains since December 26th, '81, to this month. I found the number of deaf-mutes who were killed and hurt by the trains was forty-two. There were two female deaf-mutes got hurt badly by the train, and also eight male deaf-mutes whose legs were broken and hurt, and twenty-six male deaf-mutes killed and six female deaf-mutes killed—total, forty-two deaf-mutes killed and injured on the railroad in a year. To all deaf-mutes, you are warned to avoid going on the railroad. I would rather go in mud to save my life than walk on the railroad. I would not go on the railroad on Sunday, if they say that the trains do not run on Sunday, for they will run unexpectedly sometimes. The trains will run faster than the mutes can watch them.

C. M. MORSE.

December 31, '81.

York, Pa., Notes.

Last Christmas, Messrs. James E. Weygandt and G. E. Kohler, Misses M. K. Hiestand and Laura. V. Wolfe were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Rebert. They had a nice time and enjoyed visiting. Misses Hiestand and Wolfe wear a pleasant expression of countenance, and those gallant gents felt modest.

Mr. Rebert will remove to his new country home, where he intends to enter into farming next spring. His farm is worth at $1,600. He has 28 acres of land. He is a first class farmer.

Mr. Charles Houck, formerly of Maryland, got work as a shoemaker, and is still in Hanover, Pa.

Mr. Rebert invited his guests to Mr. Emanuel Meckley's jewelry shop, and they admired him for his excellent genius in making watches.

Mr. E. Meckley, of Hanover, Pa., is a watch and clockmaker. His father left a large estate to him, amounting to the value of $15,000.

He has an excellent genius for watch making, but his education is limited.

Big fun at Mr. Rebert's home last Christmas, and among of the most amusing events which occurred was that Mr. Kohler slipped on the ice on the pavement, and Mr. Rebert saved him by catching him under his arm.

Miss Hiestand was much pleased to visit her warm friend Mrs. Rebert, *nee*, Graff, for three days.

Yours Respectfully,
YORK, PA., 1-3-82. SIDUS.

FANWOOD.

The Educational Engine Again in Motion.

NEW YEAR'S ECHOES

Drippings of the Week

(From our New York Correspondent.)

The Institution machinery, well oiled and repaired by a two week's rest, is again in motion. Every bolt and every screw is in its place, and the great educational and industrial engines are throbbing along with new-added energy and power. The pupils return with both minds and bodies invigorated by their brief respite from duty, and with a determination to devote themselves with untiring energy to the acquisition of a knowledge not only of books, but of a trade as well.

Solomon Cornelius, well known among New York deaf-mutes as the "parson," was up here on business for the M. L. A. on Thursday of last week.

Francis Rotter called January 4th.

James O Neil was up here with that nose of his at an angle of forty-eleven degrees in the air, on the scent of a "Fox," on Wednesday of last week. He eventually captured Tommy.

Messrs. John Heinzman, Joseph Pospisil and Hermann Eschert, all of New York City, made a tour of the educational and industrial departments January 5th. They say steps are being taken to organize a German deaf-mute club in the city. We forgot to ask whether it is to be for intellectual improvement or social enjoyment.

Oh, my! what a head the JOURNAL has. And the gentlemen who designed and engraved it are both deaf-mutes and at one time pupils of old Fanwood. Well, we feel proud of them. If we wasn't an old maid, with our teeth all gone, and have to eat mashed potatoes at every meal, we would set our cap for one of them. Some of you deaf-mutes, who are always howling that none of your class can ever hope to become skilled workmen at an art, study the heading of this paper closely, and forever shut up.

Joseph D. Lever was the first homesick arrival.

P. Dickermann came up smiling Thursday morning.

W. Daryan ambled along in a new pair of cow-hides and his mouth stretched from ear to ear in a grin of delight at getting back, January 4th.

John Loyd, Jr., of Harlem, got a bottle of two-cent perfumery in his stocking New Year's eve.

A few of the pupils had a hungry look about them when they arrived. An avalanche of bread dis ppeared at Friday evening's meal.

Alex. Pach got a silver "turnip" for a New Years gift. He says he intends learning the art of photography, as his fathers have before him, and for that object will soon receive an instrument with which he expects to "fotograf" every thing and every body hereabouts.

Whew! From the manner in which some of our girls talk, one would imagine they had been around the world and eaten ice cream at the North Pole during their two weeks' absence.

Mr. Newman, our forty-year-old or thereabouts Canadian pupil, returned to school last week. He has been working at home since the June vacation.

Charles McCormick, the armless boy, rolled in on January 21. His nasal appendage looked like the last rose of summer.

Miss "Bede" Fisher arrived Thursday morning last. She had not been seen by her many friends here for over six months. Her brother George returned with her.

Henry Bauermann sailed in on the afternoon of January 5th, resplendent in a beaver skating cap, a present which he received on a Christmas tree while at home.

Seymour Barray turned up Friday morning. If muddy checks indicate aught, he must have had a good time.

Thomas F. Fox left for the National College Sunday last.

John H. Dudon will not return to College for the present. His eyes are in a dangerous condition, and a celebrated oculist is treating them. He has found it necessary to purchase a pair of powerful lensed spectacles, valued at $75.

C. W. Hathaway "honored" us with a remarkably brief visit while in the city.

W. H. Terbush, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., visited the Institution January 6th. He made fifty calls New Year's in New York City, Brooklyn and Jersey City. Can any New York mute boast of a greater number?

Thomas Halloran, of Fordham, N. Y. honored us with a visit Friday last. He says it will not be a great while before he begins hunting up a helpmeet.

Julius Wilken, says he hung up a wash tub in place of a stocking on New Year's. But the best of the joke was he got nothing in it.

Miss Lavery received a beautiful box of note paper and a chromo card from little May Martin, on the occasion of her birthday, last week.

Rev Job Turner's letter in last weeks issue of the JOURNAL was real interesting. Hope he will favor us with more of the same sort.

It is about time for those persons who intend taking part in the masquerade on Washington's Birthday to decide on a programme, if they desire a successful affair. In former years, every one delayed till the last moment before making preparations, and as a consequence the affairs were extremely tame. Why not extend an invitation to Fanwood's New York City and vicinity graduates to take part. We are sure many of them would consider it a favor and would add to the enjoyment of the occasion.

Proper precautions have been taken to guard against smallpox, which is prevalent in New York and Jersey cities. Those officers and pupils who have not been vaccinated for some time are being so now. No danger is apprehended.

A lady supervisor, to fill the vacancy caused by the departure of Miss Beecher, is daily expected.

A certain New York City mute recently asked us if he would be permitted to join the Fanwood Literary Association by paying an initiation fee of $2 50. In reply, we quote Article 3, Section 1, of the Constitution: "The Principal and instructors, and the members of the High Class to the sixth class inclusive, shall be considered as members." As we understand it, the Association was organized for the purpose of promoting the interests of the pupils exclusively, although other mutes are not prohibited from attending the meetings, provided they conduct themselves in a proper manner.

Mrs. E. H. Currier, accompanied by her father, who is a brother of our Matron, Miss P. Lewis, visited the Educational and Industrial Departments on Tuesday last.

Miss M. L. Barrager received a visit from an aunt the latter part of last week.

Who can picture the "smile" which overspread the phiz of Henry Davitt as he appeared Saturday morning?

George Porter has resumed his studies.

Four young ladies of the High Class and one male from the first class partook of Holy Communion at the Washington Height's Presbyterian Church last Sabbath evening.

Prof. Clarke will hold a stereopticon lecture in the chapel Saturday evening. The views are expected to be universally interesting. The pupils take more interest in these lectures than formerly when they were held twice a week. It simply confirms the old adage "that pleasures to be appreciated must be few and far between."

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Herrick, former employees of the Institution, visited us Monday last.

A. Lincoln Thomas received a beautiful volume of Carleton's Cosmopolitan Encyclopedia from Elwin V. Welch, Esq., the poet, for delivering in signs, last May, at the Thirty-fourth street Tabernacle, his "Ode to the Obelisk." It is an exceedingly handsome volume.

GRACE H.

Another Explanation.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—All your readers know my article published in the JOURNAL, of November 24th and December 15th and 29th. Now I did not know till yesterday the ex-treasurer, Hiram P. Hunt, sent the treasurer's account book to me. I found out Rev. Samuel Rowe had carried the book from C. Aug. Brown, of Belfast, to Mr. Hunt, of Gray, who sent it to Brown for me, last September. He left it to Hunt, and therefore Hunt sent it all safe to me. I cannot throw it off, and will have to keep it as treasurer for the mutes' sake, till we, many mutes, go to Augusta on the last Saturday and Sunday of August, this year, to attend the convention of our Mission. In the book I found the name of C. Aug. Brown written, taking some money out of the treasurer's office, to pay the lawyer for releasing the alleged murderer, Chadbourne, a poor ignorant deaf-mute boy, of 18, and to pay his board, present and fare. He is honored for returning the money to the office last December, when earning it. Rowe said Brown made a present of fifteen dollars to the Mission, in order to shame me. I did not feel like being shamed in such a way. That was a time after I wrote that article, November 24th. Brown tried to frighten me by saying through Rowe I must pay him a fine of fifty dollars for my sending such a libellous and base article against him. But I could not be frightened by such conduct, and could not pay it, because it was not my fault.

For three months no Sunday service was given to us, the Maine mutes, till the first Sabbath Day of December. Rowe officiated before the Belfast mutes. Rowe said a Sunday service would be given to the mutes once in a month. I am very glad it is to be given every month. I wish well the members of the Mission, as I do not bring disgrace upon the Mission. I do not feel like committing that fault. Who can say I have done much evil of which I am ignorant? BYRON A. BROWN.

SOUTH NEWBURGH, 1-6-'82.

To make pleasures, shorten them.

Genius begin great works; labor alone finishes them.

DEAF-MUTES AT CHURCH

Anniversary Services of the Church Mission.

HOW THE AFFLICTED PARTICIPATED.

(From the New York Hearald, Jan. 9.)

The ninth anniversary of the Church Mission for Deaf Mutes was held last evening in the Church of the Holy Trinity, at Madison avenue and Forty-second street. In addition to the regular worshippers of the church were a number of deaf mutes. These occupied the front pews, where they could see all the details of the service. Assisting in the regular evening service, which was conducted by the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Wilbur Fisk Watkins, was the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, of St. Ann's Church. During the reading of the liturgy Dr. Gallaudet translated it into the sign language for the benefit of the deaf-mutes present. He stood at the right side of the chancel, and while his motions were watched understandingly by the few dozen in the front seats, they were watched curiously by the whole congregation present. When the hymn was given out Dr. Watkins invited "all present to join heartily in the singing," but the only participation the deaf mutes had was to note the motions of their leader, Dr. Gallaudet, as the choir rendered the words.

Before the offertory was given Dr. Gallaudet made a brief address, setting forth the work of the Church Mission for Deaf-Mutes. For a number of years, he said, the work of ministering to the spiritual wants of these unfortunates was carried on by St. Ann's Church, in this city. The work grew so rapidly, however, that in 1872 a meeting was held at which the Bishop of this diocese presided and the present work was organized. It had prospered mightily and had a mixed work of spiritual guidance and material assistance to perform. A Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes had been established and this, it is intended, shall be taken from its present location in the city and placed on a convenient and self-supporting basis in the country as soon as a fund of $30,000 has been raised. While the mission was supported largely by the contributions of those in this part of the country its aim and ultimate purpose was to reach every one of the 35,000 deaf-mutes in the United States In Philadelphia a deaf-mute service in the sign language had been established under the Rev. Mr. Syle, and another minister, himself a deaf-mute, the Rev. Mr. Mann, was itinerating in the West

TRANSLATING THE SERMON.

While the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was speaking his remarks were given in the sign language by his assistant, the Rev. Mr. Chamberlain. Dr. Gallaudet, for the benefit of those present gave a brief and interesting exposition of the sign language, saying that it represented thoughts and was not a rendering of the English words employed. He gave several illustrations, drawn from his use of the sign language in the services just completed. Dr. Walker followed Dr. Gallaudet on the subject of church work among the deaf-mutes, and his remarks were in turn given to the deaf-mutes present through signs. The services closed with the taking of a liberal contribution for the support of the work of the mission.

Defender's Latest.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Where is "Hieronymus," who generously made a "show" of his "enormous" brains in order to lend aid in swelling (?) the circulation of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL almost every week during the months of September and October? Probably he has dropped his "battlefield," wondering whether his opponent (?) will ever appear again in the world below. Now we willingly save him the "trouble," by re-writing in order to please (?) his miserable soul. We would advise him not to smile so broad before reading this as he has done.

We wrote two replies, but neither has appeared, and this is the third, and we have every reason to believe that it will not be "left out in the cold" again.

"Hieronymus" was greatly mistaken in proceeding with his reply, unaware (?) of the fact that he had taken the wrong road before observing the well-known warning, "Look before you leap." We do not deem it necessary on our part to waste time, "paper, ink, and die," by explaining what we meant by that intelligible phrase; so we leave the problem to our unfortunate opponent to solve again, hoping that he will understand better. He said that our "arguments amount only to a sum of quibbles." Indeed we are very sorry that he could not catch those sweet (?) grapes which have been called by a disappointed animal, "sour grapes" which "hang high." We hoped we would not see any other "Mr. Spy," but were mistaken. Yet a great number of your readers are indebted to "Hieronymus" for kindly disclosing his real name to the world, so that they might know who it is that has played a famous part in the best and most circulating newspaper for deaf-mutes on the broad continent. Let him mem it his "particular" business, not to "nose into" our identity, but to defend his dangerous position.

We thank "Eagle Eye" for defending us. We wonder whether *the* "Leather Head" is the really solid (*probably hollow*) head of a poor fellow! Why did the writer not boldly sign his real name like "Mr. Spy?" We'll not take any notice of him, like a lion regardless of what is transpiring, when traversed by his little ones.

In conclusion, the best thing Hieronymus can do is to let the "Chirological Lyceum" alone. Does the C. L. A. rely upon him for its defence now? Let him take care of himself.

We approve the spirit in which "B. E. Grateful" defends the Garfield Memorial project. We may justly call the great man the defender of the American deaf-mutes.

As this year is just begun, we wish "Hieronymus," "Eagle Eye," "Leather Head," and all your readers a Happy New Year. Farewell for the present. DEFENDER.

NEW JERSEY.

DEAR JOURNAL: As I have not seen any news from this neighborhood for quite a time, I venture to take up my long neglected pen and send you some, but first let me congratulate you upon the beautiful New Year's head dress, the artist and engraver have made for you. It certainly does you all credit and may

"The wreaths you have won never wilter
Or the stars of your glory grow dim"

Rev. H. W. Syle, for some unknown reason, was obliged to postpone holding divine service at Lambertville this week, much to the disappointment of the mutes around. We hope he may find it convenient to come soon.

Genial Henry Heller met with a very painful accident a few days ago. He was in the hoist of the Iron Furnace where he works when an iron rod broke throwing him violently to the floor and breaking his strong right arm above the elbow. He was taken home by two men, and a surgeon summoned. He set it well, but we pity Henry the pain he suffered, and after it was set it swelled to twice its natural size; but is now doing as well as can be expected. Please be careful of your neck, Henry. The furnace is a dangerous place and there are many friends who would mourn you. Joseph Lothers, an old mute gentleman working on a farm at Flemington, is going to leave his place soon and expects to find a better place.

Dan Wilgus and his lovely mute sister, Carrie, are living at Hamilton Square, a suburb of Trenton, N. J. Dan is a mute graduate of the Pennsylvania School. Carrie never went on account of delicate health, but Dan when graduated taught her all he knew, and now she is as smart and sweet as any High Class young lady. Their dear parents are now both dead, and they live all alone in a hut. They have all the company they can attend to. Your humble servant has an invite to come down, which we have accepted, you bet.

Mr. and Mrs. Gulick had a beautiful christmas tree at their house. They gave and received many presents. Mrs. G. got a black velvet dress, kid gloves, silk neckerchief, laces, etc. Mr. G., neckwear, stockings, handkercheifs, etc., and to top all a heavy walnut extension table.

Miss Mary F. Beaumont is getting ready for wedding-bells, but we don't tell who the happy man is and we don't know what "Mary" will just say to us for giving her away, but we have kept the secret long enough, and must tell or "bust."

There was a deaf, dumb and idiotic youth (a son of Jonathan Heut) died of consumption in the neighborhood a few weeks ago; but as we had never seen him or heard of him before let it end here. He is probably better off than in this naughty world.

Willie Salter, a pupil in the N. Y. school, called on us Christmas he reported having a good time around among his friends and got lots of presents. He also spoke well of the JOURNAL office—and to hear? him speak of "Old Fanwood" made us wish "we were *a boy* again."

Oh wouldn't I just like to box that Terwilleger Fitzpatrick's ears. We bet he'd bray. Good Bye.

MEG.

BROOKVILLE, N. J., Jan. 6, '82.

Pennsylvania Items.

A deaf-mute lady, of Bennington, Pa., never went into school. She is unmarried.

A deaf-mute named Mr. C. L. McKenzine, of Portage, Pa., made a pleasant visit to the mute lady, of Bennington, Pa., about two or three years ago.

A German deaf-mute, of Gallitzin, Pa., is working on the Portage Railroad. The trains do not run on the Portage Railroad now. A speaking man named Charles Sommers, of Baltimore, Md., said to me that the German deaf-mute left Germany for the United States recently. He can not write nor read the English language.

Last August I was in Altoona, Pa. A speaking lady said to me that a deaf mute named Mr. Joseph Otto, of Altoona, Pa., has been very sick for several weeks. Joseph is now better.

How is Mr. George B. Bowers, of Millersburg, Pa? SAND.

GALLITZIN, PA., 1-2-'82.

DEAF WIT.

HOW DEAF-MUTES ARE MADE SPORT OF, AND SOME SPORT MADE BY DEAF-MUTES.

A Mixture of Humor and otherwise---Principally Otherwise.

BY TERWILLEGER FITZPATRICK, ESQ.

Comparison is everything. A very ordinary looking mute girl, in the rooms of the M. L. A. filled with boys, looks lovely.

Scene in recitation room of a certain class in the National Deaf-Mute College: Professor—"The ancient Egyptians were in the habit of sacrificing red-headed girls to the devil." Auburn haired student—"What did they do with the boys?" Professor—"They supposed they would go of their own accord."

Whatever any other deaf mute got in his stocking on New Year's, we can swear to having a fine, well-developed case of chillblains in ours.

The world will never progress far enough to believed that a mute's black eye was caused by anything else than somebody's fist.

The following recipe for eloquence is supposed to have originated with a well-known Kendall Green student: "Get yourself chock full of the subject, knock out the bung and let nature caper.

"Very odd" said a JOURNAL compositor, as he stood gazing mournfully at a mass of "pi;" "very odd, indeed. Stewed tripe for breakfast and strewed type for dinner."

When in the course of human events, a mute's teeth comes in contact with a rusty pants bottom, lying in ambush in a mince pie, and the teeth are tipped up on one side like a flat car off the track, he feels disheartened and cogitates, for a time, on the mutability of earthly things.

It always makes an institution deaf-mute crazy with rage and disappointment when he sees a three-cornered yellow dog running along, to go for a stone about the size of an egg and discover the ground to be frozen so hard that it can't be raised by a pick backed up by a prayer.

"With all thy false I love thee still," a Brooklyn semi-mute said, as he calmly handed his girl the artificial teeth she had sneezed into his lap.

"My dear sir," writes a mute friend ours: "Never put off till to-morrow what you have done to-day."

The goose hisses at everything and applauds at nothing. There are deaf-mutes quite as hard to please.

A Colorado mute rode there hundred miles to shoot a man who cheated his father in a horse trade. Filial affection among deaf-mute is characteristic.

Lament of a certan New York City deaf-mute:

I wish I had that overcoat,
That I was wont to wear;
I'd button it around my throat,
And scorn this chilly air.

But nary overcoat have I,
Ah, cruel, cruel joke;
It was to keep from going *dry*
I put the coat "in *soak*."

"For heroic but vain endeavor to look pleased," says a crusty old mute bachelor, "nothing can equal the facial expression of two girls compelled to dance with each other, on account of the scarcity of men.

What a Friend!

The human heart yearns for sympathy and friendship. He that is friendless is an object of commiseration. True friends should be prized as among the "good gifts" which "come from the Father of Light." We may be blessed with many dear friends, but there is one Friend that we should prize far above all others. This friend is Jesus—a pure, meek sinless, glorious, constant friend; one who knows how to sympathize with and comfort us; one who has passed through the fiercest trials and temptations unscathed! He is no respecter of persons. The lowliest, even the chief of sinners, may have his friendship if they will only follow him. He died to save us from an otherwise inevitable, eternal death. Who of all our earthly friends would do as much for us? The dying thief on the cross won his forgiveness and friendship by simply saying. "Lord, remember me." He is still ready to forgive. He says, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Oh, what a magnanimous, what a wonderful friend! And he is as faithful as wonderful. After we have resolved to be his followers we may by our own inconsistencies grieve him, yet he does not forsake us; no, he proves our constant and faithful friend, still ready to respond to our faintest cry of penitence and help us. I speak from experience. I have learned to know that nothing but Jesus can satisfy the heart's longings, and, oh, how thoroughly and fully he can do so! What a friend he is to all and under all circumstances. Especially in affliction! I can [illegible] from what he has done [illegible] what can we do without Jesus, this "friend that sticketh closer than a brother?"

"What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!"

KATE FARLOW.

"Bores."

You meet the bore everywhere. He frequents the throughfares, loiters in your study, sits at your fireside and tells you about his joys, his sorrows, his triumphs and his trials, his wife and his children, his horses and his cattle, his house and his grounds, his dog and his baby, and his everything else.

It not unfrequently happens that in a company of six there are half a dozen bores who are fashioned on the "great I and little you" plan, each one doing his best to talk about himself and his affairs. The wonder about it is that not one of them seems for a moment to consider that that which he knows to be an unqualified nuisance to himself, is such a bore to others. We have been speaking of this character in the masculine gender but the egotistical bore is not confined to sex. There is a modification of his character that may be called the mono-bore, that is one who bores always with the same auger, sings the same song, scrapes the some tune. From this kind, good Lord deliver us! for if we have to be bored let us have some variety in our misery. This specimen of the genuine bore has discovered an idea, and his mind is so small that *one idea* fills it full. You never get another idea in his head till you get that one out. He travels the same intellectual road till it becomes a rut with embankments on either side too high to see over. He wears the same mental coat till the sleeves are too short, and the elbows are out, and the buttons off, and the collar greasy, and the bark split, and the skirt in shreds, but he will not exchange it for chinchilla, or broadcloth cut in the latest style. He is a reformer, a martyr for opinion's sake. He carries his one idea as he does his skin Newspaper editors are invited to publish his one idea to the world. In all circles and all gatherings, among the pious and the profane, he rings the changes upon his one poor idea; coax him away from his darling topic, but he hurries back, like a dog to his bone. Let him off his hobby for a while, if you can, but he has ridden it so long that he feels uneasy anywhere else; and so he straddles it again, and rides it as hard as ever he can, galloping up and down, like a boy on a rocking horse, neither going forward nor backward a single step. There is the malaprop bore, he always says the wrong thing; or if he says the right thing, it is at the wrong time or the wrong place. He talks to the sick about diseases; to the poor about poverty; to the blind about the blessedness of sight. To the deaf, about the blessedness of hearing. To the criminal, about crime. To the mourner about his grief, and tears open with bungling fingers their wounds afresh. If he could only keep his mouth shut. Books of etiquette teach that the first principle to be learned in studying the art of conversation, is how to say nothing. The art of keeping the mouth shut, let us learn it. We think we must always be saying something, whether we have got anything to say or not—a grave mistake. Now let us resolutely hold our tongue till we can find something worth saying. And what quandaries it will relieve us from, and besides, our still tongue will oftentimes argue a wise head, whereas, our empty and ever wagging one so often argues a foolish and empty head.

Before concluding, we beg leave to state that this was "borrowed and altered" and made to suit "the occasion," for the benefit of some of "our kind," as well as that of

MIGNON.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 1.

To use the present hour by meeting every duty that conscience approves, with fitting welcome and fearless performance, is to deserve the garlands of fortune and the smiles of happiness, and better insure enterance to that heavenly mansion, whose post is omniscient, and whose lease is eternal.

To affect what is not ours, is to admit the virtue of that which we have not the courage to make our own, and sets the seal of falsehood upon our charater; but the true man, on the discovery of a virtue in his neighbor, or a fault in himself, seeks to cultivate the one and eradicate the other.

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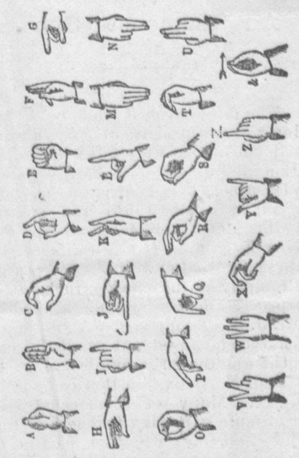
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